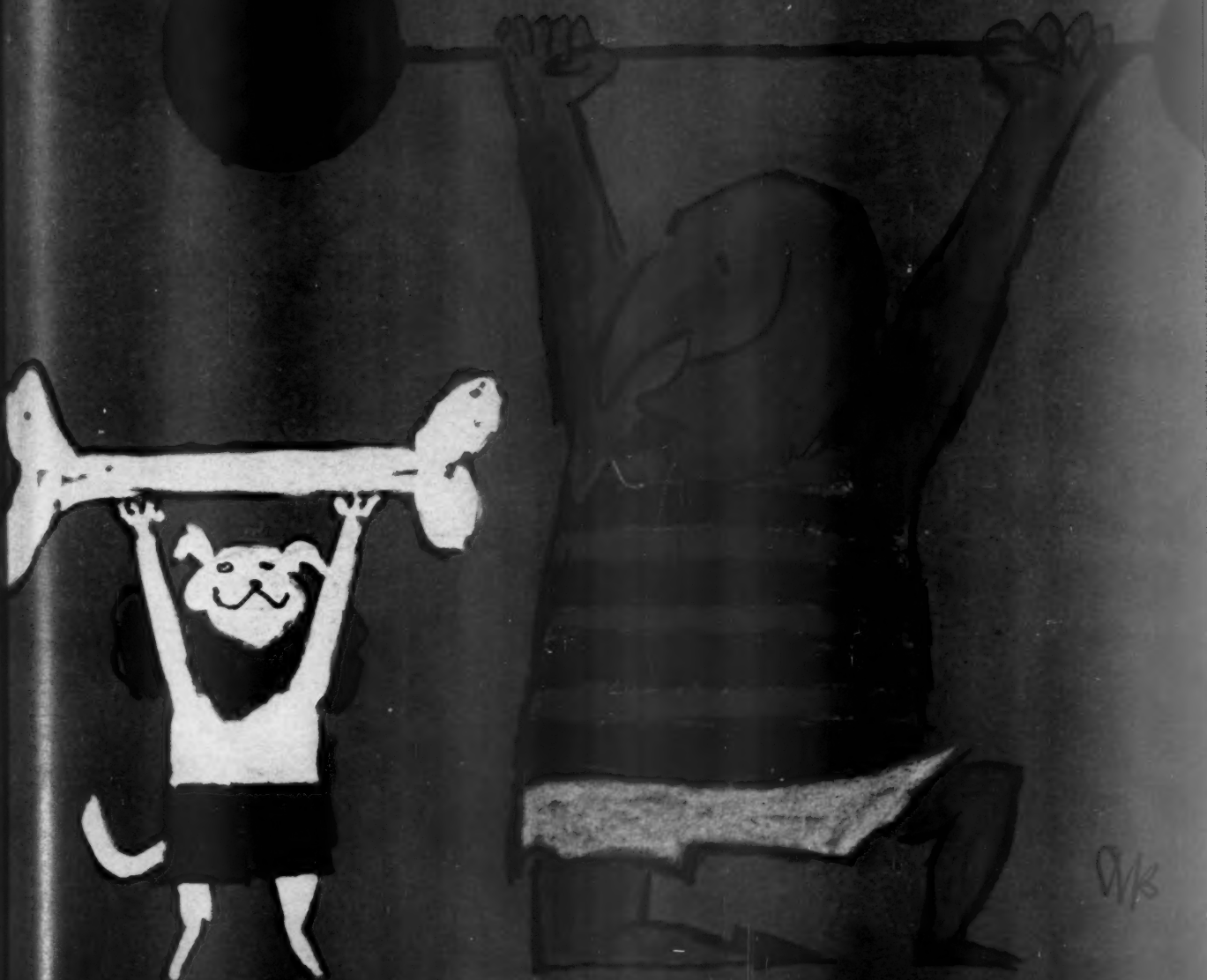
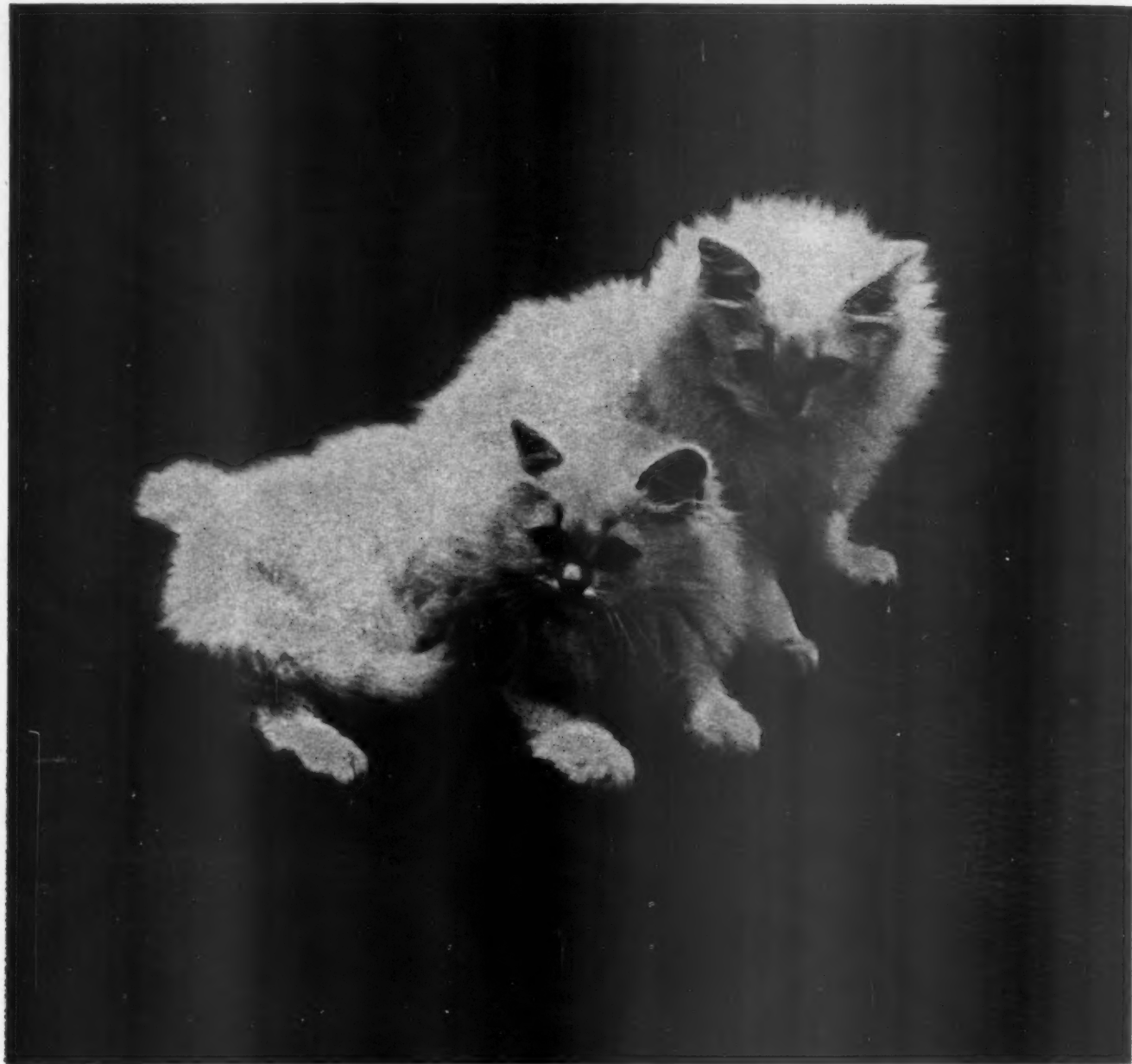


Punch

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PUNCH

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The London Charivari

THERE has been some criticism in the U.S.A. of Mr. Dulles' habit of dunking his biscuits in milk in the presence of foreigners. It has been suggested that this practice might give friendly non-Americans an unfavourable impression, or even cause them alarm and despondency. This seems a churlish attitude to take. Surely a hard-working, globe-trotting statesman like Mr. Dulles can be allowed a little homely dunking on his travels? As a matter of fact there seems to be no reason why he shouldn't go the whole hog and chew tobacco, wear his shirt outside his pants, smoke between courses, or thump Foreign Ministers on the back and call them Pardner. After all, as far as alarm and despondency are concerned, Mr. Dulles' damage is already done.

Change Partners

THE big American motor corporations are reported to be planning a robot driver which will take over from the



real driver on fast motor-roads. This will give him the chance to sit in the back seat and ask what the hell the robot thinks it's doing now.

The England VIII

"IT is still a great honour surely to play for England," writes a cricketing friend, "and I fail to see why places in the eleven for the Third Test should

be awarded to players who are manifestly below par. It often happens in other walks of life that honours are withheld for a year 'the assessors considering that no candidate reached the required standard,' and I urge Messrs. May, Brown and company to report in similar vein. England should take the field at Sydney with eight men." My own selection would total no more than seven, but by the time this note appears both my friend and I may be gnawing our umbrella handles.

So Far, Anyway

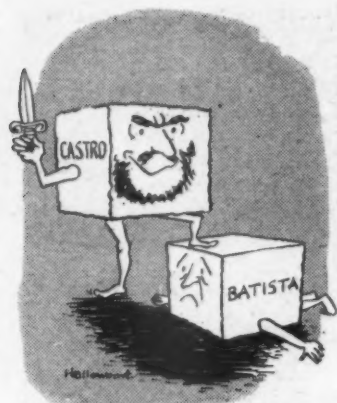
AT least one morning paper looked forward confidently into 1959. It



described the R.A.F. Officer working on that unexploded 12,000-pounder as "the man with the worst job of the year."

Hurry Along, There!

ALL that the Dauntless Seventy were ascertaining, when they refused to obey that arrogant "All Change" cry at Mile End station and went on doggedly to Stratford (even to Leyton in a few indomitable cases), was the right of Englishmen not to be treated like cattle. The same modest aspiration swayed the Barnet-bound passengers who, on that same night of January 2, refused to alight at Finchley Central. By and large the policy of London



Mr. Cuba

Transport—and of British Railways and other big monopolies for that matter—is to order people about in the field as if they were part of some Master Plan of Montgomery's, and to give elaborate explanations from headquarters, two or three weeks later, of why this or that act of petty tyranny was in the public interest. The public is now tired of this policy. Its patience and understanding are almost limitless. But it wants to be told *why* it is required to get out of trains billed to reach stated destinations, *why* it is kept shivering for hours on foodless platforms, *why*, when there is any food, it is served on tables saucer-deep in pools of tea, *why* so-called public servants are often off-hand to the point of insolence—and it wants to be told there and then. If the explanation is not good enough, the public, pray heaven, will continue to make itself awkward. Even cattle can kick.

Start with the N.C.B.

DESPITE gloomy forebodings about Britain's cultural future many people perked up when the chairman of the English Stage Company said he expected "little difficulty" in persuading a thousand firms to subscribe £1,000 each to get the Arts Council out of the red.

In Penny Numbers

POPULARIZING poetry is uphill work, so good luck to the paper that is "serializing" John Betjeman. It is the ear rather than the eye which is harder for the bard to catch nowadays. True, there is radio, but that dreaded "poetry voice" kills verse-reading for many listeners, and the Poetry in Pubs

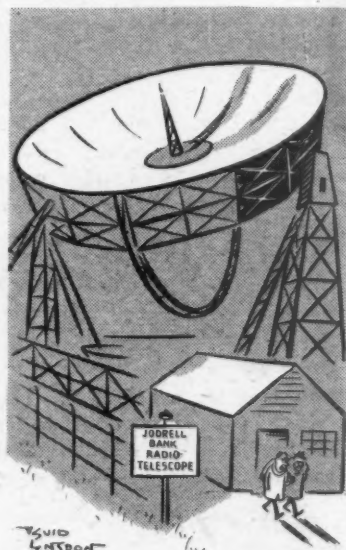
movement never really swept the land like a prairie fire. For reaching the millions nothing can compare with the now defunct recitation, once sturdy plank in every annual concert platform wherever a few Oddfellows, chapel tennis club members, police supper-takers or political fête-goers were gathered together. If Kipling, with whom Betjeman has been bracketed for mass appeal by his serializers, could have collected royalties on every amateur performance of *If* his would have been the earth and everything that's in it.

Sodium Bomb

THE Soviet Academy of Science's announcement of a cure for ulcers coincided with the launching of "Planet III," and American colleagues all agreed that it was the least the Soviet Academy of Science could do.

Bigger and Thicker

THOSE of us who consume the weather reports in the country may not be affected by the frequent references to "fog near large towns," apart from making half-hearted resolutions to keep away from them. In the large towns themselves the predominant feeling among the citizens will be a straightforward preference for being a host rather than a guest during the foggy season. It is in the medium-sized towns



"Jolly demoralizing tracking other people's satellites AND on something that isn't yet paid for."

that the primary reaction is likely to be one of civic pride. "Does that mean us?" the Mayor will ask the Town Clerk as they draft yet another request for County Borough status. "If so, that is one more piece of evidence in support of our claim. If not, take it up with our M.P.s." More corrupt Councils probably drag their feet on clean air policy.

Happy Families

THE British electorate, having long given up trying to distinguish between Conservative, Liberal and Labour policies, felt there was something in Mr. Harold Wilson's warning about a "snap" election.

Off Beat

RECENTLY, in pursuit of a teenage singer, I found myself at a rehearsal of "Oh, Boy!" ATV's weekly "explosion of beat music." In a low-ceilinged hall the size of a large Nissen hut were assembled a dance-band, a couple of "supporting groups" consisting mainly of over-amplified guitars, a chorus of young ladies, a coloured male-voice quartet, a bouncy person who sang and accompanied herself on the electronic organ, an assortment of juvenile vocalists, and I dare say half a dozen other elements that I could not pick out. Even when they were not playing, the noise from the conversation and the tuning of instruments and the ringing of telephones in the office was deafening. When the whole troupe sprang into action the effect was so shattering that I expected the ceiling to fall down. The owners of the hall evidently shared my fears for their building. Among the Christmas decorations that were seasonable at that time a notice on the wall warned No JIVING.

Bless You!

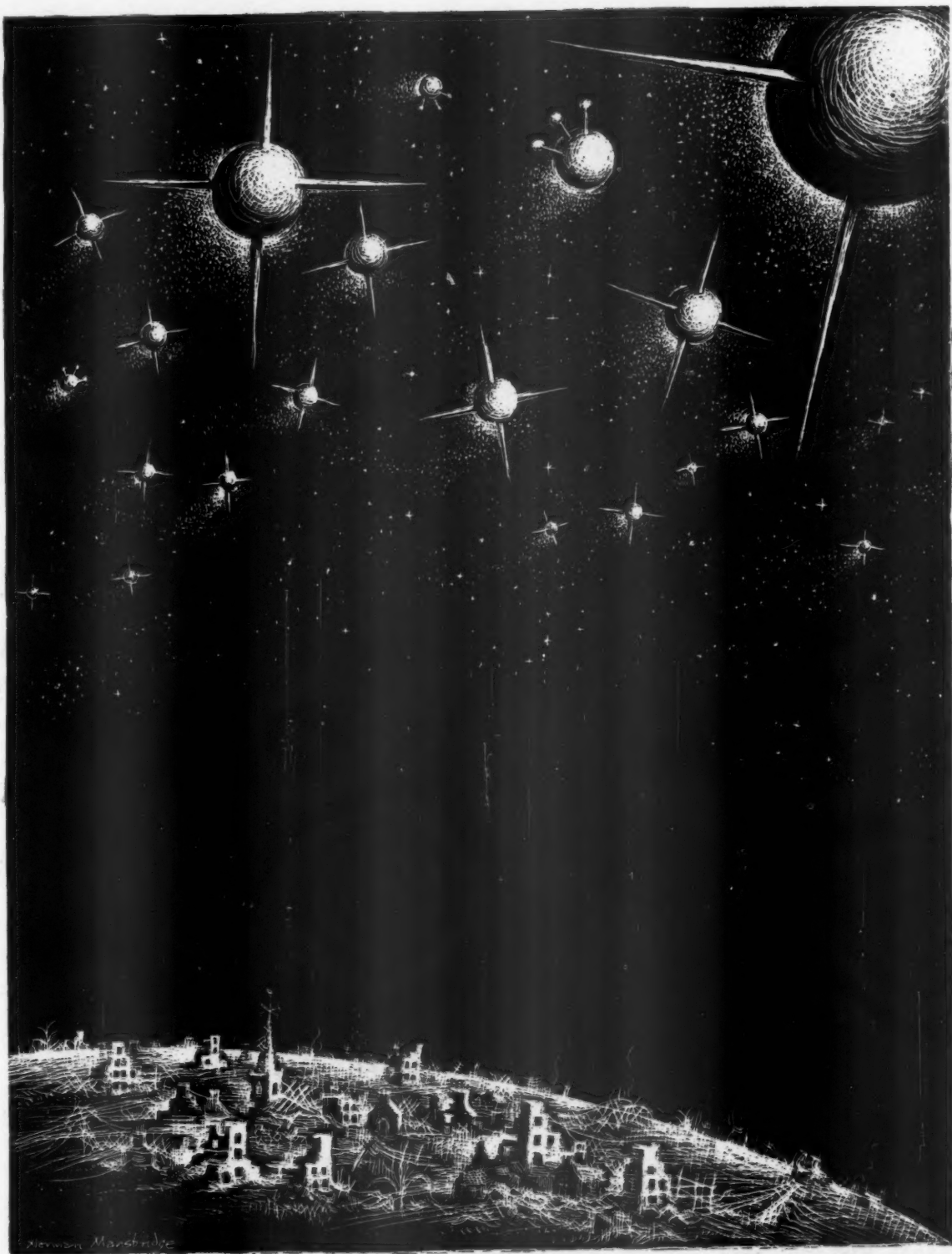
VIRUSES newly discovered at the Common Cold Research Unit at Salisbury, says the superintending medical officer, are not capable of causing the common cold. With characteristic calm, we shall go on managing with the old ones.

MR. PUNCH

SPORTING PRINTS

The seventh of Hewison's drawings of sporting personalities appears on page 111. The subject is

CLIFF MORGAN



"What shall it profit a man, if . . .?"

THE NEW BOOK OF SNOBS



In 1846-7 Thackeray wrote "The Snobs of England" in *PUNCH*, later reprinted as "The Book of Snobs." In this series snobbery is brought up to date, but the title decorations are from Thackeray's own drawings.

HENRY LONGHURST on Sport

IT does rather seem, as the late professor used to say, to depend on what you mean by snob. There appear to be two distinct versions. One, the conscious aristocrat who by virtue of mind, body or background really is "better at it," whatever "it" may be, than the next man, and is at no pains to conceal the fact. I dare say, though open to correction, that Lord Hawke was one of these. Possibly the perfect example was the Duke of Wellington—"Mr. Jones, I believe." "If you believe that, you will believe anything."

Diligent study of the original work of my fellow Carthusian, William Thackeray, at whose portrait I so often stared reverently in Hall without suspecting that I should one day be plodding laboriously in his footsteps, leads me to conclude that it was the other species of snob that he had in mind: the little man aping his betters, the minnow trying to swim with the big fish and be mistaken for such by the other minor denizens of the pond.

These certainly are the new snobs in sport—if by sport you mean what is found in the sports pages of newspapers and the bulletins of the B.B.C. What these cover are, in fact, not sport but games. The new snobs are under the impression that only snobs are interested in huntin', shootin' and fishin'.

I suspect that in the case of hunting they may be right. Hunting people, when engaged in hunting, bear an insufferable air of superiority, for which I have a sneaking sympathy. I hunted

three or four times in my youth and recall that by the very act of mounting a horse you at once felt superior to your own self a moment ago when you were on the ground. Furthermore the man who, gad sir!, takes his fences straight does at least require the qualities of a Stirling Moss or an international skier. Any fool with the price of a licence can take the road in an overpowered Jag. It takes a man to drive an overpowered nag.

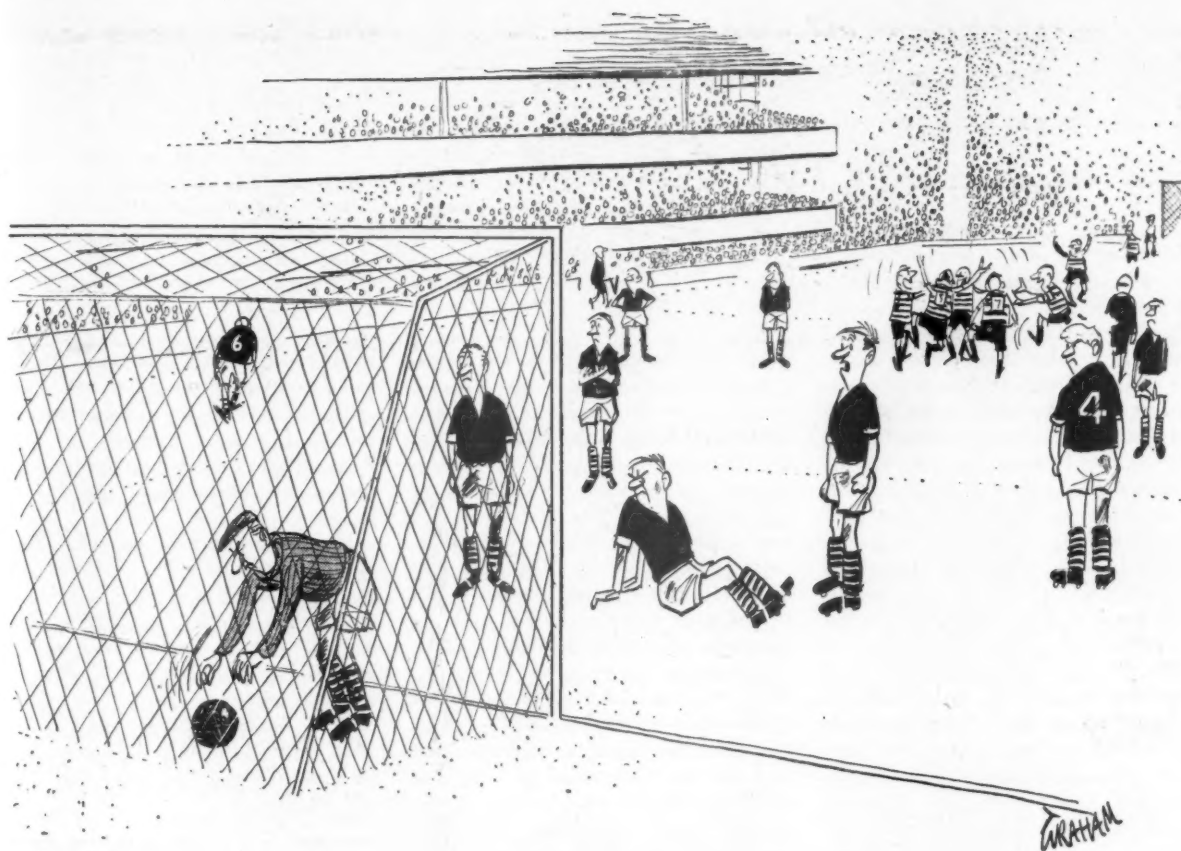
From riding to racing. The ultimate in new snobbery is, of course, the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. Personally I am a most frightful old snob. I am all for the aristocracy. I like to see them about the place. Some may be eccentric and others potty, but they are decorative and they make for variety. I look back with nostalgia on the days when my

own local duke could say with perfect seriousness to the head keeper, who had brought in a young assistant keeper who had got one of the girls into trouble, "I don't think I should sack him. After all, he did it in his own time."

Those days, alas! are gone and, now we have an unseemly, and too often successful, scramble for admittance to the Royal Enclosure by all manner of little characters so far removed from that sphere of life that, if admitted, they have to go in droves to hire a suit of clothes! It'd never have done for the duke, sir. It'd never have done for His Grace.

In some games the new snob does much ill service by pretending that the old order changeth not. It occurs to me, with the best of goodwill to that once-splendid institution, that Wimbledon





"No doubt about it, lads, they'll have to sack our manager."

suffers much from this variety and may, if it is not careful, perish from it.

In the good old days Wimbledon was a best-clothes social occasion and the winners of the men's and ladies' singles were the acknowledged champions of the world. You could not confuse Borotra with Tilden or Lacoste, or Lenglen with anyone, and if they were not behind the scenes as strictly Simon-pure amateur as they might have been, at least they maintained a public front as such.

This order has changed. The supreme tennis players of the world are now Simon-pure professionals and among the rest an amateur tennis player has become almost a contradiction in terms. "— can't afford to turn professional for another year or two," said the father of one of them naïvely not so long ago. "Bonk, bonk," go these close-cropped, white-shortened, full-time athletes, indistinguishable from one another on the telly till the commentator tells us which

is which. Then they pack up their free rackets (such an unfortunate word, I always think) and move on three thousand miles, doubtless paying their own fare, and do it all over again. Yet if they appeared on the same programme with a fellow like Dan Maskell, who could give them points in any aspect of life except on the tennis court, they would be irretrievably sullied, lose their amateur status, and maybe not get an offer from Kramer at all. The first country to brush away this idiocy and hold an open championship will have the championship of the world. Only the new snobs will prevent it's being Wimbledon.

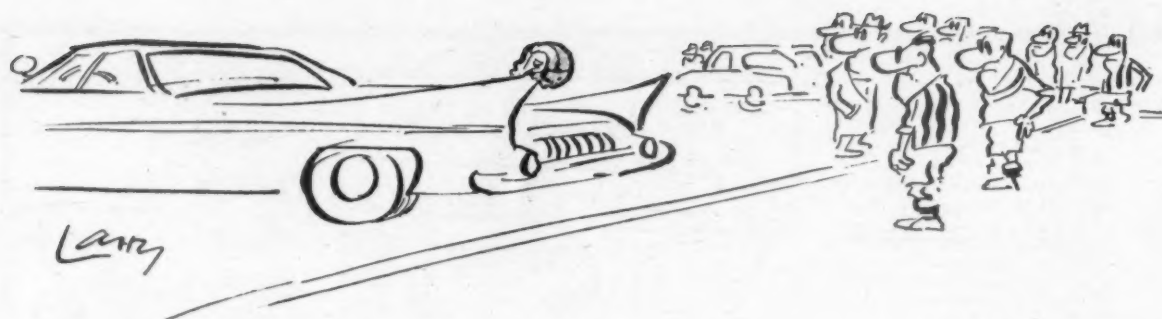
In the Thackerayan sense of the word—the little man acting big—I have to confess that perhaps the biggest menace in sport is the scribe-snob. In the old days the big man performed in the arena, while the little man dutifully, and sometimes even with admiration, recorded his exploits. To-day the scribe-

snob sits, Nero-like, in the grandstand or at the ringside, turning his thumbs down at the gladiators and with them the thumbs of his eight million readers.

"I accuse Hutton," cries a little chap, who so far as is known never endured the rigours of representing a prep school. "Bailey a disgrace . . . Turpin finished . . . Selectors' amazing blunder . . . the M.C.C. a bunch of blundering oafs." So the raucous voices cry, till the only prayer of those who delight in some minor and enjoyable sport is that it may never become news. The news-nobs of to-day have not only their hearts out of place but their hyphen.

(The above applies, of course, only to certain sections of the press. Definition of certain sections of the press: "Any which you don't write for yourself." As I write incessantly for the *Sunday Times*, that paper is tactfully exonerated.)

In the game of golf, with which I have acquired a certain familiarity, a



strange change has taken place. In the bad old days the professionals never used to, nor reckoned to, come into the club-house. This is now widely, though erroneously, held to be evidence of snobbery on the part of the members. (The counter to this is "I suppose you let the caddies come into *your* club-house? No? Well, what do you think people will be saying of *you* in twenty years time?") Now the boot is on the other foot.

The "great triumvirate," Taylor, Braid and Vardon, set a standard of integrity, sportsmanship and decorum which I dare say has been excelled in no other game, and Taylor, who began there as a caddy boy at 6d. a round, minus 3d., if you lost a ball, is now at eighty-seven the much esteemed president of the Royal North Devon club at Westward Ho! A few of those who follow in their footsteps do less than credit to these great men's example. Flying all over the world at some "sponsor's" expense, they complain of the service in the Hotel Magnificent, the inadequacy of the prize money, or the fact that someone has forgotten to pay for their lunch in the country club. The news-nobs seize avidly upon their tantrums, expostulations and suspensions, and suddenly this hitherto placid and pedestrian game turns into "news." These precious few, for whom the best is not good enough, are the new snobs of golf and the most appalling nuisance.

Of all the new snobs who batten on sport to-day the most insufferable must surely be the anti-blood-sport brigade, the little people in macintoshes and placards, accompanied, by appointment, by the photographer from those self-appointed watchdogs of stags and the Common Man, the *Mirror* and the *Pic*. For myself I do not choose to chase stags, partly because I am too fat and partly because they seem creatures too

noble in appearance to be torn to pieces. I once shot two enormous ones, high up in the mountains of Kerry, and as I gazed upon them in defeat I knew that I could never by any means slay another. If other people wish to, I defend their right to do so, so long as they do not run across my garden in the process. And if they wish to bring their stag along in a cart and then chase it, I still defend their right to do so—and my own right to my own opinion.

Let us not, however, be too serious. The anti-blood-sport snobs are from time to time revealed at their ludicrous best when someone is caught at that dark act, ever calculated to bring out the full moral indignation of the British people, namely cockfighting. There was a wonderful case a few years ago, which continues to delight me in the imagination to this day. Word had leaked out that some of the gentry were to assemble their cocks at some remote north country farm. Anti-cruelty inspectors

with bowler hats and binoculars crawled along ditches spying out the land: plain-clothes policemen drove surreptitiously to and fro, and eventually the local flying squad descended on the farm and hauled the villains, cocks and all, into court.

Fining them approximately five times the amount normally inflicted for cruelty to children, the magistrate delivered a stinging personal rebuke, while the cocks, saved from a fate presumably worse than death and incarcerated in a coop, were heard crowing in an adjacent room. And what, after all this, was the fate of these fortunate birds? Why, they killed them and ate them!

Other writers in this series will be:

STEPHEN POTTER
J. B. PRIESTLEY
GEORGE SCHWARTZ
FRANCIS WILLIAMS

My Life in Politics

By ALEX ATKINSON

IN Liverpool during the depression there was a good deal of political activity. To make matters worse most of the time it seemed to be raining.

I don't know what the Tories were up to, but outside the all-night ham-and-egg joint near Lime Street Station you could take your choice between "*daily-worker-one-penny-daily-worker-one-penny*" and "*Action, two-pence!*" The *Worker* man wore a cloth cap and his nose ran. He called his wares in a venomous, rasping voice that cut through the drizzle like a rusty buzz-saw. The Fascist, on the other hand, was aggressively clean-shaven. He wore a neat black gaberdine coat and his voice

was resonant with faith, hope, and challenge. They stood side by side in the gutter, hating one another, sharing the symbolic, contemptuous splashes from passing motor-cars and revelling in it.

I never bought their papers and I don't think many other people did, except an occasional good-hearted drunk who thought they were selling the *War Cry*. Nor did I ever feel tempted to ally myself with either of them in his desperate struggle against whatever it was he was struggling against. For one thing the *Action* man always struck me as being out of his mind: all Fascists seem to have staring eyes and a general

air of having recently nipped over the wall of a home for the mentally sick. For another thing I knew that behind the *Worker* man stood the vast, gloomy, indigestible bulk of *Das Kapital*, of which I could make neither head nor tail, and in my youthful arrogance I felt sure that the *Worker* man had never even heard of it: he was but a hypnotized pawn—a tool—a slave—a nameless downtrodden servant of a god he couldn't even pray to: nothing short of a Conservative revolution, it seemed, could release him from his shackles. Besides, although I felt as strongly as Bessie Braddock about the stinking slums, I could never bring myself to believe that I would hasten the erection of a single gleaming, sun-drenched tenement by throwing potatoes containing razor-blades at Reds, members of the B.U.F., or even innocent bystanders. The thing is, I suppose, that one is either a political animal or one isn't. To this very day I doubt if I could bring myself to hustle an Empire Loyalist into an empty room and try to beat him senseless for heckling a Tory Prime Minister. The thing is, I just don't *understand* politics.

No. What really led to my underground activities as a Communist was a glass of red biddy. Conceivably on instructions from Moscow, a friend of my schooldays, whom I had always regarded as a lapsed Fabian, took me to a disreputable pub for a new experience. It tasted sweet, and I asked for another before they told me what it was. When I stood up I fell among the furniture, which was mostly iron. I then went blind for three-quarters of an hour, and was led away to an odorous backstreet kitchen to play pontoon with greasy cards under dripping washing until I had recovered sufficiently to stand a reasonable chance of being allowed on a tram. By this time I had made several interesting new friends. Apart from their skill at pontoon, which was a thing to marvel at, they were uncommunicative, obviously deep thinkers, resolutely unemployed, and pathologically suspicious. Shortly before they smuggled me aboard the tram while the conductor was up at the front end they gruffly invited me to "a meeting" on the following Sunday, at an address which they wrote on a piece of paper. My erstwhile Fabian friend (he was an

authority, I remember, on the personnel of the various Ellington bands, and could make things out of paper) winked and nodded at me reassuringly, the tram started, and I sat back in an old woman's lap.

I went to quite a number of these "meetings," for I found them irresistibly meaningless. They took place in a room above a boarded-up shop in a grey, windy suburb full of prowling dogs and the sad noise of sirens from the river. I am still not quite clear exactly what happened at them. There were usually five of us. The room was small, and bare, and draughty, and we sat on boxes with our hats and coats on, around an empty grate. On one wall there hung a dusty photograph of Lord Roberts. On the first Sunday I got the idea that we might be gathered together to establish some sort of contact with deceased relatives, although I didn't see how we could expect to manage that without a table. Presently, however, a man with red eyes came in, from Scotland, and after some muttered introductions he stood with one bony hand on the mantelpiece and talked for an hour and thirty-five minutes about



"All right, but remember this—we've never yet lost a wage-pocket."

Materialism and Empirio-Criticism, proletarian democracy, exploitation of wage-labour, dictatorship of the bourgeoisie, and Engels' *Origin of the Family*. He then asked for questions, and a young man in a muffler stood up, cleared his throat, and said he had a flask of tea with him if anyone was interested. After that we were each given a bundle of smudgily printed pamphlets, and the meeting closed.

I never knew what to do with my pamphlets, which tended to have titles like *Critique of the Gotha Programme*, or *Bukharin and Historical Materialism*. My mother lined shelves with some of them, but they were always a problem, and presently I took to dropping them in the Mersey on the way home.

It was not until my fourth meeting that I got any clear indication of what was going forward. I had suspected all along that there was a left-wing flavour about the business, and that was all right with me, because my bosses had goaded me into a smouldering fury by

their niggling complaints that I habitually arrived at work ten minutes after everybody else. Besides, one of them wore pure silk shirts. As Lenin had said on an earlier occasion, "There can be no equality between the exploiters—who for many generations have enjoyed education and the advantages and habits of wealth—and the exploited, the majority of whom even in the most advanced and most democratic bourgeois republics are cowed, backward, ignorant, frightened, unorganized." All the same, it came as something of a shock to me to learn that we five formed the local group of an organization called the Bolshevik-Leninist Party. There were several other groups in the country, and the total membership was one hundred and fourteen. I never found out what our precise aims were, but I got the impression from one of the speakers (they used to come from all over the place, blue with cold and bursting with dialectical materialism) that we were a splinter group, bitterly opposed to

somebody (probably the Mensheviks or Stalin), and waiting our chance to overthrow the existing Soviet framework and start afresh with a new Manifesto. This seemed absolutely splendid to me, for it was perfectly plain that we could do no real damage, since we had not been issued with bombs, and I looked forward to a long succession of Sunday afternoons, huddled behind locked doors listening to gibberish. (I asked about bombs on one occasion—the only time I spoke at all, now that I think of it—and I was severely censured as a woolly-minded deviationist.)

As it turned out, however, my political life came to an end after a couple of months. Abruptly, dramatically, I broke with the party—not on a matter of principle but over the very question that had originally led to my hatred of my capitalist exploiters. It was bad enough getting up at eight o'clock every day to please *them*, but when the Bolshevik-Leninists announced that there was to be a Grand Protest Rally next Saturday morning near St. George's Hall, and that I had been chosen as the ideal man to go down there with a bucket of whitewash at five in the morning and paint some interminable slogan along one wall of the Adelphi Hotel I decided once and for all that I was not cut out for politics. I rose from my box and I threw down my bundle of pamphlets. "I refuse!" I cried. "I am a National-Liberal spy, and I can stand it no longer! I intend to tell all!" Then I walked out, slamming the door so hard that I heard Lord Roberts rattle on the wall.

I have not touched red biddy from that day to this.



"He's not in his bed."

"If this week you find your television programmes interrupted by infuriating squiggles, I suggest you leave your fireside for a moment and go into the garden and stand there facing north . . . And then, if it is a fine, clear night, you may see a sight that you will remember . . . For this is the time when you are likely to see Nature's most weird and wonderful space act; the Northern Lights, or Aurora Borealis . . . This remarkable sight, and the interference with your TV reception, are both by-products of the same process . . . It has baffled scientists for centuries . . ."

Sunday Express

You mean there's nothing we can do about it?

Overheard at an Exhibition

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"I wonder how Winston will rate with this lot?"



"Comforting, isn't it, to think they have their Munningses in Russia?"



"It's been withdrawn—Pasternak must have praised it."



"Isn't there a still life of Bulganin, Molotov, Shepilov and Co.?"



"Don't you recognize Propaganda when you see it?"



"Well, it explains why they're so mad keen on science."

Welsh Rugby

By H. F. ELLIS

SINCE it was a Welshman who invented the game of Rugby Football, it is only natural . . .

Oh, well—if a straightforward statement of that kind is to be interrupted by cries of dissent, we had better go back to the beginning. William Webb Ellis, who in 1823 first took the ball in his arms and ran with it, originated by that action what the famous inscription in the Close at Rugby rightly calls “the distinctive feature of the game.” Ellis is a Welsh name, particularly common, I believe—or let me rather say frequently to be found—in the north of the Principality. That seems to me to end the matter. I do not propose to *prove* that William was a Welshman. It is not for me to poke about at Somerset House or in Snowdonian churchyards in search of his grandparents. Let anyone who wishes to dispute the point go ahead and *disprove* it. That the young Ellis lived in Rugby, as well as attending the school there, I admit; as also that he went on to Brasenose College, Oxford, rather than Jesus, and later became Incumbent of the church of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, which is not a very fierily Welsh thing to do. These details of his life are written in the official *History of the*

Rugby Football Union, and I do not doubt them. They prove nothing—though they do perhaps explain why William Webb's fellow-countrymen were a little late in taking up the game. Had he gone back to the land of his fathers to spread the gospel (to spread *both* gospels, that is to say) Wales might have been spared the pain of a rather sharp reverse (8 goals and 6 tries to nil) in their first match against England.

Who, in place of the neglectful Ellis, first took the game to Wales? Where was it first played on Welsh soil, and between what sides? And when? Somebody, I suppose, knows the answer to these questions, and somebody, I hope, will write and tell me. My own small collection of books is silent on such vital matters, though perfectly prepared to devote pages to the early history of rugger in Scotland. As if that were of comparable significance! The Scots have picked up the game pretty well considering, and a gallant sight it is to see them forcing their gawky, rawboned frames hither and thither about the field. But it does not come naturally to them, as it does to the Welsh. There will be a good many hotheads, I dare say, ready to denounce the bold assertion that Rugby Football was

invented by a Welshman, but there will be none, I hope, so besotted as to deny that the game was invented *for* Welshmen.

A remarkable thing happens to a Welshman as soon as he has the ball in his hands. He is electrified. He runs—I am thinking of outsiders at the moment—quite differently from the average English or Scottish player: in a tremendously exhilarated kind of way, spurning the ground with short, very rapid, urgent steps and making rotatory movements with his arms as though winding himself along behind the ball. He takes evasive action, swerving and changing pace as he goes, whether or no anyone is at hand to be evaded. He appears to get going more quickly, and to have the knack of retaining balance when canted over more sharply, than players of other races. He is obviously going somewhere—not necessarily towards the goal line but *somewhere*—and intends to get there.

Such at least is the impression that Cliff Morgan's running has left on my mind; and he is the very epitome of Welsh outsiders, of Welsh fly-halves in particular. W. J. Trew, Percy Bush, Clem Lewis, Windsor Lewis, Cliff Jones, Cliff Morgan—though I can scarcely claim to have seen the first three of this fabulous string of outside halves, I don't doubt that they, no less than the last three, all had that Homeric rapidity in action that distinguishes the Welshman. Of the great fly-halves from other countries during my spectating lifetime—Kyle and Davy of Ireland, Herbert Waddell of Scotland, M. F. Nicholls of New Zealand (I am in a small difficulty about England, not having had the luck to see W. J. A. Davies)—I cannot think of one whose running could conceivably be mistaken on the field for a Welshman's (and if Davies is an exception, his name might explain that). It is not that these others were less effective. All I am claiming is that none of them ran with quite that extraordinary Welsh zest and *zing*.

Welsh teams do not of course consist entirely of outside halves, nor even of backs (much though I should like to dwell on the genius of Bleddyn Williams, and eagerly though all Welsh readers of this article will be looking for the



"Arnold, I'm rather surprised—and you a Rugby man."

names of Ken Jones, Jack Matthews, Claude Davey, Tanner, Wooller, Powell, Rowe Harding and about fifty more, including, I hasten to say, that glittering assembly of R. M. Owen, W. Llewellyn, R. T. Gabe, Gwyn Nicholls and Dr. Teddy Morgan, who—with W. J. Trew—saw to it that in eleven seasons after 1898 Wales beat England ten times and drew once). There are also Welsh forwards.

The Welsh, as everybody knows, are a small wiry race, admirably fitted to produce cunning and elusive backs, but correspondingly likely to be handicapped by forwards lacking in weight and solidity. Anyone who doubts this has only to go down to Cardiff on the morning of an international match and see thousands of small wiry Welshmen drinking and chattering away in the hotels and pubs near the ground. How comes it then that this same visitor, if he has the ingenuity to force his way into the Arms Park, will see eight Welsh forwards of remarkable robustness and solidity trotting on to the field? There is some trickery here. I don't say that any of the pack quite attain the outrageous proportions of forwards like the South African Dinkelmann or Barnard or du Rand. But Faull is no fairy. Nobody ever pushed the two Merediths about (and let us have the stress on the second syllable, *please*) like so much spindrift. And the plain fact is that when Wales met that enormous Springbok pack of 1951-2, it was by no means the Welsh who were trodden into the ground. Their forwards indeed could have won the game had not some madness impelled Cliff Morgan, of all people, to ply the great Buchler with a stream of short kicks and diagonal kicks—all of which the Springbok full-back returned with gruesome regularity deep into the Welsh half.

Here indeed is the explanation why the Welsh, for all their genius for the game, for all their natural talent for running with the ball and despite the formidable forwards they so mysteriously produce, do not always win. Their tactics let them down. They brood perhaps too deeply and passionately about the game, and this leads them to concoct over-elaborate stratagems, to work out beforehand some chuckle-headed Master Plan, instead of adapting their tactics to the actual situation on the field and then going ahead and scoring.



"Evans!"

It may be that the great plan that came off against the All Blacks in 1905 still haunts their dreams—as it still, goodness knows, haunts their conversation.

I have mentioned Cardiff on the morning of an international. Here is the final proof that rugby was invented for Welshmen. The city seethes and bubbles with Rugby football. The *Western Mail* and the *South Wales Argus*, scorning lesser delights, fill their front pages (and most of the inside pages as well) with portraits of the players, with their life histories, with forecasts and comments and recollections of Gwyn Nicholls and A. J. Gould. In the bars and lounges the number of those who still vainly hope to find somebody

with a spare ticket almost exceeds the wary holders. The talk is interminable and on one subject. Once only I heard it momentarily diverted, when sounds of some kind of scuffle or disturbance penetrated the bar from the street outside and a man burst in demanding water. "What's happening out there?" a whisky-drinker asked, interrupting his own championship of Johnson (T.) as the finest wing he ever saw.

"Man fallen down in the street," the intruder explained. "In a fit or something."

"Anybody get his ticket?" the whisky-drinker asked.

You won't find such single-minded devotion at Twickenham or Murrayfield or any of those places.

Colonization of the stars is now a foreseeable reality. J. B. BOOTHROYD
supposes a few words from the usual celebrities on

The Moon as I See It

MR. NORMAN HARTNELL

BEAUTY and colour above all. Those monochromes cry for relief. From what I have seen of this season's Space-suit collections there must be radical redesigning if our emigrants are to endure so much as passing one another in the street. It will be up to the women to give a lead, as it always has been. They will, I trust, demand light, bright, eye-catching moonwear. For myself, I visualize a transformation in these garments comparable to that which evolved the delicate lines of the modern aqua-lung outfit from the sickening hideousness of the old-fashioned diving-suit.

MR. STEPHEN POTTER

I very much hope that we shall retain

our sense of humour up there. I mean to do my part in this, and am already planning a new series on Spaceshipmanship.

SIR BRIAN ROBERTSON

Moon transport must be at least equal in comfort, cleanliness and courtesy to the system which has so justly earned public esteem on our own planet. My policy of fully informing the public would be still further implemented, as a train unexpectedly taken out of service on a crater's edge could arouse even more passenger resentment than a similar occurrence at, say, Sevenoaks. The position with regard to railway steamers is not yet clear. Should the moon prove sealess I shall not have any ships sent up; if they do go, the usual

arrangements will be made for ski-injury celebrities to be carried to the train in a *chaise-longue*. The whole project will be a challenge to British Railways know-how. We shall meet it. Given the funds, of course.

MR. L. G. PINE

I have no information on the moon's social strata, but if a civilization exists there it is almost certain to have a class-structure of its own. It should not be impossible to come to a working compromise on matters of precedence between the moon nobility, if such exists, and representatives of an immigrant aristocracy. A few Garters all round should ease the situation through its early stages, though these are not, of course, in my gift.



"Oh, well bowled, cobber!"

LADY LEWISHAM

I have no firm plan of campaign for my career on the moon. Nothing can be settled until I know the incidence of TV interviewers, newspaper diarists and so on. My first action will probably be to pass a gloved finger over the rocket-station buffet counter, which is sure to be thick with dust. Yes, I can speak for Lord Lewisham. He has no views.

SIR JAMES BOWMAN

As Chairman of the N.C.B. I was naturally very interested to read that Mr. Khrushchev's "Planet III" had a very large payload, "equal to about 7 cwt. of coal." This is undoubtedly the answer to my problem of what to do with the Board's surplus. Only the scientists, of course, can say whether it could be even more satisfactorily disposed of by putting it into permanent orbit.

Mr. JOHN BETJEMAN

What would be fatal, of course, would be to carry on up there from where we've left off down here. How do I know that the future Minister of Moon Planning is not intending a faithful replica of the Great West Road all down the Herodotus Cleft-Valley? Let us at least get a glimpse of the lunar landscape before we deface it with hoardings surrounded by floodlit antirrhinums. What is needed is the importation of our lost beauties, a few smithies and Georgian bow-fronted houses, duck-ponds, canal-boats, well-designed lamp-posts, and at least one publisher's office with a well-weathered swinging sign billing my collected poems.

Mr. FRANK COUSINS

First we've got to get there, haven't we? If we don't get the rate for the job for the Space engineers we shall never work up the escape velocity, you can rely on me for that. A whole new Trade Union legislation will be needed. When you get a man riveting at -250° F. in a hail of meteorites you've got to look into your tea-breaks. To say nothing of weightlessness money. Mind you, I'm not saying the British workman can't do it. It's whether it can be made worth his while.



"Will passengers shorten their skirts—er, I mean fasten their belts, please?"

Mr. REX HARRISON'S SECRETARY

Mr. Harrison does not know how Mr. Shaw's literary executors would regard the proposal to present a moon-production of *My Fair Lady* on ice, but he says he certainly wouldn't be in it.

Mr. ISAAC WOLFSON

Well, it's called *Great Universal*

Stores, isn't it? Why don't you ask around some of those know-all City Editors?

Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN

I foresee an era of prosperity and expansion unlike anything we have dared to envisage so far. This must not be taken as a hint at an early general election.

☆

☆

Look Upward to the Skies

THE Vicar's been promoted to
A new, unworldly sphere;
And as he is no earthly use
This seems a good idea.

His congregation always thought
He was uncommon "High";

Now he's to be the Bishop of
A See above the sky.

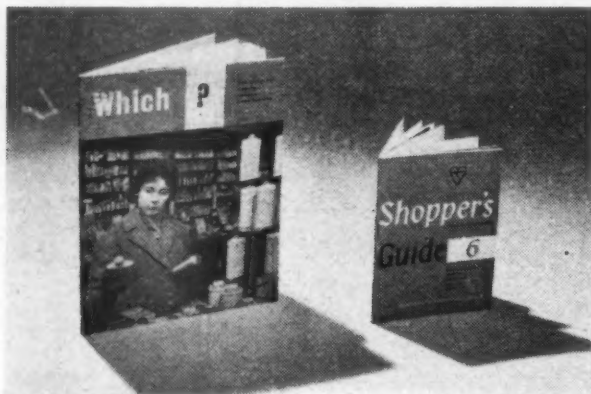
His robes are packed—chimere and cope
And mitre, for in June
He'll be the very first to take
A rochet to the moon.

PHILIP MARTIN

Which Guide?

Two organizations, the Consumer Advisory Council (Orchard House, Orchard St, W. 1) and The Association for Consumer Research (15, Victoria Park Square, E.2), publish quarterly magazines which investigate, compare and report on competing brands of consumer goods, impartially recording all the excellencies and inadequacies their tests reveal. It is high time these magazines, respectively *Shopper's Guide* and *Which?* were done by as they do.

THE average price of a monthly magazine is 25s. a year, but the average consumer guidance journal costs only 10s. a year. R.R. (Readership Research) asks, is it worth it? Is it more trouble to read? or less? Is it safe?



The tested products

There are at least two consumer guidance journals on the market. It was impossible to test more than one copy of each. It will be appreciated that the resources of our organization are limited, until more new members join.

The journals tested were:

Which? Price 2s. 6d., or 4 for 10s.

Shopper's Guide. Price 2s. 6d., or 4 for 10s.

Both are printed in English, in black print on paper. The pages turn from right to left. Neither has footnotes in French, as these would not normally be required.



Machine used to test deliverability

The Tests

R.R. picked up sample copies from a Christian Science Reading Room and from the letter-box of a provincial subscriber and submitted them to two groups of technical tests, physical and psychological. There were four physical tests:

Durability. The Durability Test is to the requirements of the British Standard on Letter-Box Openings, B.S.999 Part 2/149, recently cancelled. The standard is stringent and needs to be carefully carried out in order to prevent the tester getting his fingers caught by the letter-box flap.*

This test is to see whether the journal can be passed through a metal letter-box 9in. x 2in. at a height of three feet and fall on to a mat (rubber 3ft. x 2ft.) without creasing.

Result. When examined after testing it was found that *Shopper's Guide* was slit in two. This was the sample extracted backwards from a subscriber's letter-box (previously referred to) and this may have been the cause of the damage. The editor of *Shopper's Guide* is co-operating by sending a replacement copy. We hope to give a further testing result in our next edition.

Safety. Ten articles from *Which?* and eleven from *Shopper's Guide* (the additional article being to compensate for the slightly greater length of those in *Which?*) were given to an adolescent girl and boy (in separate rooms) to read.

Result. Some apparent visual distortion. Both readers stated that the publications were square. In fact *Which?* measures 9in. x 7in. and *Shopper's Guide* 6in. x 4½in.

All articles were put into a domestic boiler burning at 200°C. to see if they would burn rapidly without exploding.

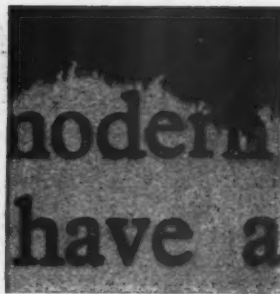
Result. All passed.

Strength. The thickness of each journal was measured as a guide to the solidity of the reading matter and to their respective suitability for uses other than reading—e.g. levelling an uneven table-leg, ease of tearing for domestic use or for children's games such as paper darts, paper chases, etc.

Result. The smaller size of *Shopper's Guide* makes it more suitable for table-leg levelling. *Which?* on the other hand, having a thinner cover and larger sheet size, tears more easily and has a wider range of uses.

Readability. The two journals were sent to a librarian in the British Museum for analysis. Each was laid open upon a reading desk in the reference library at normal room temperature and read. The temperature was then varied. The results of the tests (approved by the Library Association) are given in the table, chart and diagram on page 95.

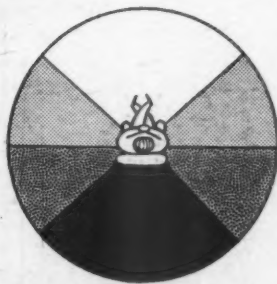
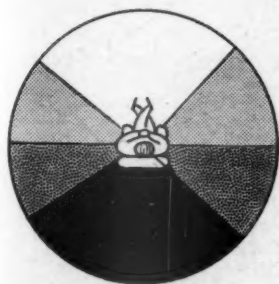
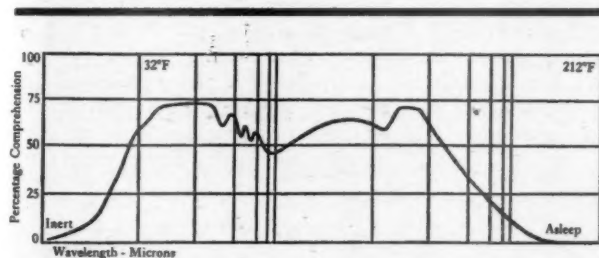
* The Swedish tests make allowance for bad language in a foreign tongue, but these were not considered necessary.



Enlarged photographs to show tearing quality and evenness of type. It will be noticed that Shopper's Guide (right) shows considerably greater "dinting." The type-face is obviously adequate in both cases for those who like to read at this magnification.

Distance at which print decipherable				
Journal	With sun glasses	With ordinary glasses	Without glasses	Eyes shut
Which?	See note (a)	4 ft. 0 in.	1 ft. 0 in.	See note (c)
Shopper's Guide	ditto	3 ft. 6 in.	See note (b)	ditto

NOTES: (a) Which? Autumn 1957 showed that few sun glasses are worth buying. This column should therefore be ignored.
(b) Test incomplete as tester dropped journal and was unable to see to find it.
(c) Technical difficulties made it impossible to complete this test.



Readability of Shopper's Guide (L.) and Which? (R.) at 3ft. from a fixed position

R.R. was especially interested in the psychological aspects of these journals, and two sets of tests were carried out:

The Despondency Index

The effects upon subscribers of learning from one or other of these publications that a product already purchased was a Bad Buy was measured by the following method.

Stratified samples of literate dustmen were interviewed at the Bethnal Green and Golders Green rubbish disposal centres (representing working class and middle class areas). They were asked to record on a specially prepared form (see Appendix) the numbers of items mentioned in Which? and Shopper's Guide found in dustbins:

- (a) before mention
- (b) after mention

Result.

Statistical break-down of printable answers showed that:

- (a) Nobody in Bethnal Green except members of the Institute of Community Studies reads these publications.
- (b) The chagrin in Golders Green was infinite.

Expressed mathematically, the limit of patience is reached as Despondency Index tends to infinity, or $P=L$.

$$D.I. \rightarrow \infty$$

(See also Braun and Breud: *Zur Theorie der Massenerscheinungen in der menschlichen Gesellschaft*. Leipzig, 1898.)

Readership Survey

Over a period of two months three hundred housewives a week were interviewed in their homes. Interviewers called between the hours of 2 and 3 a.m. to ensure that all respondents would be at home. (In the event the opportunity arose of interviewing a number of co-respondents as well.)

Results. In response to the question "Do you read Which?" the following replies were received:

Which what?	95%
No	2%
Yes	1%
Don't know	1%
Can't read	1%

In response to the question "What do you think of Shopper's Guide?" the following replies were received:

Those dogs are wonderful	35%
No	15%
Yes	1%
Don't know	20%
Can't think	29%

Conclusion

Some people take out subscriptions to these consumer research journals simply because the publications look well on any contemporary style coffee table or (in bound form) room divider bookcase. In this event it is a matter of individual room or bookshelf space, and not R.R.'s concern. If, however, they are bought as a source of literary inspiration they must be measured in terms of page area. On this basis, of the journals tested, the Best Buy was:

Which? at 2s. 6d. or 4 for 10s.—although it did not do so well on the table levelling test.

Timely Arrival : Answer to Australia's Prayer

By IAN PEEBLES

SPORTING events are, like other phenomena, subject to the laws and cycles of nature. The period of harvest and plenty is followed by the lean and fallow, during which man waits and longs for the return of the golden days. And if you think this is a lot of malarky never mind; it fits in very well with what I have to say, which happens to be on the subject of Australian cricket.

The Aussies took guard after the war with a superb team lead by Bradman, and later by Hassett, with bags of batting and one of the greatest fast bowling combinations of all time. They carried all before them, the only element lacking being opposition worthy of their steel. But as the cycle progressed (or cycled?) the players aged and the greatness departed so that there followed a period of lean when, at least from England, there was altogether too much opposition.

It is also a fact of nature that during such arid times men brood on the heroes of the past and sigh for a new hero, scanning the heavens for a sign.

Here down under, they have brooded, sighed and scanned quite some for a number of years, but it now looks as though their prayers have been answered, the sign given and the man to hand.

Norman O'Neill was born in Sydney in February 1937 and has lived in that virile, thrusting township ever since. Despite a move to attract him to the rival centre of Adelaide it looks as though his future will continue in the place of his birth. His love of cricket is profound, and was implanted at a stage before his conscious memory. His youthful efforts at the crease, both batting and popping, were zealously encouraged and directed by his uncle Ron, a very good club cricketer who played for Glebe South. And here surely is a portent, for the avuncular influence has always been strong among the immortals of cricket. Perhaps some day Uncle Ron will take his place with Uncle Pocock and another Uncle, who sawed down his own precious bat in order that it might be more manageable in the hands of his small but prodigious nephew Donald. At any rate his efforts were so successful that soon young Norman was in the first eleven of the Kogarah Intermediate school and making a great name for himself among his young contemporaries. Grade cricket followed with varying fortunes, and at eighteen came his first appearance for New South Wales against South

Australia. Again we have the pattern, for here is a true copy of his own particular section of the score sheet:

N. O'Neill b Grigg 0

(Ah, happy omen. W. R. Hammond b Gregory 0, b Mailey 1—E. Hendren c Mills, b Bennett, 0—etc.).

His true merit was soon recognized, not least by Sir Donald, and his progress since then has been almost uninterrupted. There was much surprise when he was omitted from the team to tour South Africa last season, but he took advantage of the absence of the foremost Australian bowlers to lambast the others for a thousand runs in Shield cricket, a feat he shares with Bradman and Ponsford. His encounters with May's team start with a hundred in his first match and 100 runs in his first Test Match for once out. In his short career he has caught the imagination of his fellow countrymen to a greater degree than anyone since Bradman himself. In a time of profound depression amongst cricket supporters and promoters in Australia he, like the nightingale "... with fresh hope the lover's heart doth fill." The potion with which he does so is a fine powerful range of scoring strokes and a keen desire to use them.

In style he is rather more in the accepted English mould than of the typical Australian school, standing rather upright and bringing the bat down from



a notably straight and full back lift. If one can liken him at this stage to any one of the great in the past I would say that, in physique and method, he is most like Hammond, and exercises the same immense power from the back position. But he is also like that great man, and most others, in that he is strongly individual. He is a bowler of leg breaks and a respectable googly which, if it would hardly carry him to the top unaided, has been known to break several awkward partnerships. He is a superb fielder, except possibly in the slips, with a right arm that picks the wicket-keep off like a cannon shot from the farthest corner of any field.

This last talent gave rise to many rumours of dazzling offers from visiting American baseball talent scouts. It is a game which O'Neill plays extremely well, but the legends he himself has gently scotched. They apparently sprang from a conversation when he was sixteen with a representative of the Brooklyn Dodgers who in a genial moment made the young lad and a starry-eyed friend a number of baronial but hazy promises of greatness in America which he never reappeared to define or implement; for which omission good on him.

Rising twenty-two, O'Neill is a fine-looking young man, blue-eyed, brown-haired, an eighth of an inch under six feet and stripping around thirteen and a half stone. As may be gathered from these vital statistics he has a good weight of biceps and forearms to manipulate a bat. He can also swing a golf club but refrains from doing so while playing cricket. In fact when asked

about his other games and hobbies he replied that all his spare time was spent practising. It is fortunate that his love of cricket is shared by his wife, a very famous athlete in her own right. Before their marriage ten months ago she was Gwen Wallace, Australia's 80 metres hurdle champion.

Apparently the other woman in his life is his fourteen-year-old sister, Lorraine, a promising tennis player.

When, in the moment of triumph at Brisbane, Mr. Punch's special representative suggested that she must be very proud of him, the hero smiled shyly and replied that he didn't know but that he was certainly very proud of her. This seemed a disarming, not to say reassuring outlook, for one who has had enough publicity and adulation to put many a young head in orbit.

Good on ya, boy.

With Northcliffe to the Pole

By R. G. G. PRICE

THE *Daily Mail's* balloonists remind us how much news would never happen if it were not for newspapers' greasing the wheels of history. When *The Times* sends yet another party of clean-limbed Englishmen to be helped up the Himalayas by the locals it has engendered and nourished the whole madcap enterprise, apart from purely moral and intellectual encouragement from professional geographers. It would not think of waiting until Camp Six and then haggling for the rights by cable and long-distance runner. It was *The Times* which used to send Mr. Peter Fleming about the globe—now across a desert, now over a black-iced range, now amid the teacups in a legation, now swapping rancid titbits with fascinated tribesmen. I see *The Times* sponsoring a kind of overflow from club conversation: "Thought of having a look at the interior of Popocatepetl." "Really, well let us see any jottings you make on the trip—and send

the bills to us." "Mm. Thank you, mm."

This is a very different atmosphere from the *New York Herald*, which sent Stanley to Africa in these words: "Draw a thousand pounds now, and when you have gone through that draw another thousand, and when that is spent draw another thousand and so on; but FIND LIVINGSTONE." When the *Herald's* man Stanley did find him he impressed Livingstone so much that the explorer wrote to Gordon Bennett, the proprietor, saying that their representative had riveted his attention for days together by telling him news of the election of General Grant. Livingstone had known nothing of what was going on except what he had gleaned from a few numbers of the *Saturday Review* and *Punch* for 1868. Livingstone must, surely, also have been impressed by the meal with which Stanley followed his immortal opening. It included hot dampers, kid kabobs, fricassee chicken, honey from Ukawendi and tea from a silver tea-pot. When, after Livingstone's death, Stanley took over his work of African exploration he was staked jointly by the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald*. He tried to assuage his American sponsor's jealousy by repeatedly naming geographical features after him.

Punch, on the whole, has preferred to enlighten explorers rather than pay for their boots and bearers. Record-breakers provide it with matter for comment rather than opportunities for investment. The murderer's heir who proffers a first-hand account of his activities is likely to receive not help with the defence but a rejection slip with "Sorry, not quite" scrawled on it.





"That's one Christmas present she hasn't broken yet."

The Harmsworth family, still in the sponsoring business, have varied in their news-making between the valuable and the asinine. They gave a large prize to Paulhan for flying from London to Manchester in a day, to Blériot for flying across the straits of Dover and to Alcock and Brown for flying the Atlantic. On the other hand, the family must accept responsibility for the *Daily Mail* hat, worn, I believe, mainly in the office. It is a mistake to think that newspaper enterprise has been confined to the rougher kinds of travel. Newspapers in their time have backed the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Parliamentary candidates pledged to oppose Stanley Baldwin and inside exposés of the "Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon."

I do not know whether *The Daily Courant* had any intrepid navigators on its pay-roll or whether the *Mercurius Britannicus* ran exhibitions of home-craft and boatcraft. But I am reasonably sure that sooner or later newspapers are going to be moving in on Space. Even now experts are probably working out the physical problems involved in pole-squatting on an atmosphere-less planet and how much the Audit Bureau of Circulation figures are likely to be improved by a first-person story from a Couple Who Defied Gravity for Love.

The Articles of Biography

BORN in the purple, and a politician,
He sailed into the House; the press records
Repeated clashes with the Opposition
(He never left the Commons for the Lords).

But questionable dealings in the City
Upset the House (still more the House*) debates.
Both drew the line. He bowed to the Committee
And took the Hundreds, shifting to the States.

He tried the Village first, but later, wishing
To patronize the Garden more than most,
Moved to the Avenue. At last the fishing
(And some enchantress) lured him to the Coast.

Returning for the Flat, he came a cropper:
The Turf it was undid him, all agreed—
Though he pursued the Sex more than was proper,
Relished the bottle, and adored the weed.

He went the pace . . . till one day in the Season
Out of the blue the Bench's summons came
To land him on the carpet. And the reason?
The booze? He would admit, "Ah, me! The same."

He died on the Embankment, old and shabby . . .
And though the obits paid him small regard,
He made *The Times*. He might have made the Abbey—
But for that little record at the Yard.

RICHARD MALLET

*E.C.2

Governments : Aids to Recognition

THOUGH all is now ended happily, it has been impossible to conceal the embarrassing hesitation felt by some western governments over the problem of recognizing Señor Fidel Castro. He has overthrown a dictator; but he has seized power by force. He is in alliance with Errol Flynn; but he once kidnapped Juan Fangio. Democratic governments cannot be expected to make up their minds in a hurry over cases like this.

As such contentious figures are liable to appear on the map with increasing frequency, what with the spread of education and so on, it is thought that the attached Recognition Chart and Hints on Recognition may be useful.

The basic diagram (*Figure 1*) shows the salient features to be looked for in a Left-wing type and a Right-wing type Ruler. Left of the central line, note the following: peasant-type face with heavy moustache and pipe; loosely-fitting blouse or jacket with high collar, trousers unpressed and possibly tucked into the boots. The boots themselves are heavy and square. On the left of *Figure 1* is a sketch of Mr. Khrushchev's trousers; although not tucked into the footwear, they conform fundamentally to this pattern.

To the right of the central line, observe

the small clipped moustache, the lapelled tunic with collar and tie, the belt drawn in tight at the waist, the jacket flaring out widely at the bottom. Corsets worn below the uniform may be employed to enhance this effect. Below the jacket, riding-breeches and highly-polished riding-boots terminating in neat pointed toes.

Note that the Left-wing salute goes rather slackly to a vertical position, with the fist clenched, while the Right-wing salute moves smartly into a stiff formal position, showing an inch of clean cuff.

A few instances will demonstrate how to use the chart. For example, *Figure 5* (Mao Tse-tung) shows all the Left-wing characteristics well developed, but with marked oriental traits. The pipe may not actually be there, but is easily supplied by the imagination.

The Tito pipe (*head of column one*) turns out on examination to be a cigarette-holder. This proves the Marshal's tendency to Right-wing deviation.



Fig. 3



Fig. 4



Fig. 1 RECOGNITION CHART

General de Gaulle (*Figure 3*) fits well into the Right-wing pattern as far down as the waist, though the corset, if present at all, must be let out to an almost Liberal extent. Below this, Left-wing features make their appearance, showing that the General is a well-balanced personality and may be recognized at any time without risk.

Señor Castro has up to the time of writing concealed his true nature by his resolve not to shave his beard until ending his campaign. Upon the shape to which he trims this facial hair the nations of the west may base their policy towards him. A clipped moustache as indicated in black in *Figure 4* will suggest that he is headed for the Hitler-Nasser Group; a more luxuriant growth as shown in transverse shading will denote a tendency further Left. The full beard left *in situ* will perhaps show a desire to conclude an alliance with the Emperor of Abyssinia.

B. A. YOUNG



Fig. 5

Toby Competitions

No. 51—By-ways

PROVIDE a footnote, or series of footnotes, that might appear at the bottom of a page of an imaginary book, whose title should also be supplied. The facts alleged need not be true, but real names are admissible. Limit one hundred and twenty words.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries by first post on Friday, January 23, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 51, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 48 (Convivial)

A request was made (not in fact urgent) for party games calculated to bring the party to an end. An extraordinary amount of duplication resulted; perhaps the field of human suffering at the sort of party envisaged is very limited, with variations on the Truth game most disliked. Far too many competitors tried to devise games which end with all the guests

CHESTNUT GROVE

Phil May contributed to *PUNCH* from 1893 until his death in 1903.



First Newspaper Boy. "HULLO, BILL! WHO'S 'E?"
Second Newspaper Boy. "I SUPPOSE 'E'S THE NORTH POLE AS 'AS JUST BEEN DISCOVERED!"

February 29 1896

out on the drive with their hats and coats on. Several others described real games. Few achieved the right balance between horror, pointlessness and playability. The prize goes to:

MARY G. LLOYD
HOMELEIGH
PARK PLACE
NEWBRIDGE
MON.

for this piece of anthropological ritual:

"HOODWINK HANNAH"

1. Draw lots for position of Hannah. It is wise to fake the draw because the best Hannahs are elderly and jolly—provocative prunes of women or brandied peaches of men.

2. Hannah stands in the centre of the darkened hall holding a treacle-coated wooden spoon.

3. The rest of the guests put on coats and hats. Nobody must wear his own and large men should be encouraged to wear small women's clothes and vice versa.

4. Each in turn is blindfolded and dispatched to find Hannah to whom he must say in a disguised voice:

"I am a ghost from your awful past
Come to expose you at last, at last.
Now pray can you tell me my name?"

5. If Hannah guesses right she pats the victim's face with the treacle-spoon. If she is wrong the victim must kiss her three times without speaking.

6. When all have had their turns the hostess says "Isn't this a lovely game? Let's chose another Hannah."

Book-token-winners are the following:

BLIND-O

Any number may take part.

All players, except one ("A"), are issued with a bottle of whisky. "A" leaves the room.

The remainder drink their whisky in a given time.

"A" returns and the others must try to guess his identity.

If they are successful "A" is again sent out and the process is repeated.—Frank Paul, 27 St. John Street, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent

THE DEMON BARBER

Each gentleman chooses a partner, preferably not his wife, and leads her to a series of chairs down the centre of the room. He is provided with scissors and curling-tongs and must create an entirely new hair style for his partner as directed by his hostess; e.g., the prize is awarded to the neatest Eton Crop surmounted by a sausage of curls. A mirror should be provided for each lady.—Dr. D. R. L. Peill, The Grove, Leyburn, Yorks.

QUITS

(to be played in the hall)

The male partners, blindfolded with their scarves, stand in a line with their hands in their overcoat pockets. From a distance of five feet each lady tries to throw her partner's hat on to his head. A hot water-bottle should be presented to the winning pair.—B. J. F. Beard, Strathnairn, Woodhead Road, Hale, Cheshire

FLATCH IT

Each guest is provided with two moops, a primp board and a set of flatched counters. The "leader" calls out a list of place names; if one of these corresponds to a name on a player's primp board he runs to the other room and whispers the name to the appropriate member of the other team and receives a given number of flatched counters in return. Any player making a mistake must lie on the floor and wave his moop until his team can gather enough counters to fit a whole flatch together and ransom him. The game must be played in TOTAL SILENCE. Any player making a noise, apart from the leader, must begin again at the beginning of his primp board.—B. S. Knowles, Trap Hill, Formby, Lancs.

KARKUSS

1. The host locks his own garage.

2. One name is drawn from a hat containing the names of all who brought a car to the party. The player drawn becomes "Prisoner."

3. The other players have fifteen minutes in which to dismantle as much of his car as they can, and hide the pieces.

4. The "prisoner" is released and should attempt to reassemble his machine. This will cause gales of merry, nervous laughter.

5. The host threatens to repeat the game.—Michael Birt, Stone House, Staunton-on-Wye, Herefordshire

In the City



Glittering Harbingers

DIAMOND sales are one of the surest of economic barometers. Business men tend to feel more cheerful or depressed before they have real cause to be either. It may well be that this anticipatory feeling in the heart or the pit of the stomach has a great deal to do with the shaping of the reality that follows. Be that as it may, when cheerfulness abounds that feeling is translated in more purchases of bigger and better diamonds for the womenfolk. Conversely it is usually the jewellery trade that feels the first chill when harsher winds begin to blow.

The prophetic significance of diamond sales has also gained by the fact that these stones are increasingly used in industry for cutting and fashioning the new alloys, which may get harder and harder but never as hard as diamonds. These industrial stones are used in the capital goods industries, machine tools and the like, which themselves react to the economic cycle with more touchiness than other parts of industry.

There is in consequence a great deal of cheerfulness for 1959 to be extracted from the 1958 figures of diamond sales recently published by De Beers central selling organization. The total for the whole year fell short of that for 1957—£65½ million as against the previous year's all-time record figure of £76·7 million. But the most significant feature of these figures is that whereas 1958 began badly in the diamond industry and got worse in the second and third quarter, it went out in a blaze of glory. In the December quarter of 1958 the sales of gem stones (the figures refer to the value of the rough stones and not of the mounted beauties we see in the jewellers' windows) amounted to £15·3 million, which was not only some £3 million higher than in the December quarter of 1957 but was the largest total of gem sales ever made in any three-months' period. There was no such record in the sale of industrial stones, but they have improved very considerably over the year.

There is another kind of demand for diamonds. It comes from investors who have bought stones as a hedge against inflation. In this role diamonds have done better than the traditional gold brick, the price of which has remained despondently stable in terms of dollars over the past quarter of a century.

The diamond industry is at this moment arrayed in all its glory in the exhibition at Christie's sponsored by De Beers in aid of two deserving causes, the National Playing Fields Association and the Children's Country Holiday Fund. Here is displayed the Queen's brooch made from the third and fourth part of the largest diamond ever found, the great Cullinan. Here too is the 22-stone diamond necklace made originally for Marie Antoinette, which

provided one of the sparks for the French Revolution. Mr. Harry Winston, the fabulous New York dealer, has sent the priceless Nepal diamond.

All told, stones to the value of over £3 million are on show. They illustrate the ageless attraction of the diamond. They should also draw attention to the investment attraction of diamond shares. De Beers have risen to just over £6, which looks high for a 5s. share; but even at this price they offer a yield of over 8 per cent which is more than 2½ times covered by available profits. Even better is the 9 per cent yield on Anglo-American Investment Trust, whose main interest is in diamond shares but which has a somewhat wider range of South African-Rhodesian mining interests. Returns of this generosity are becoming rare in the Stock Exchange.

LOMBARD LANE

In the Country



Ducks and Heifers

ONE of the farmer's difficulties, as I see it, is to know what is his own property and what is not. If my neighbour's duck sits on a clutch of eggs on my lapd, to whom will the resultant offspring belong? According to a jurist of the *Farmer and Stockbreeder*, they go to the owner of the mother duck. The fact that the duck is a trespasser gives me a nominal claim, but I cannot charge anything for cost of keep. The law would say that I have my own "charitableness" to blame.

But I can get even with my neighbour. If game birds are flushed from his boundary hedge and fly over my land he is not entitled to shoot them. As it is unthinkable that the birds should go unshot, presumably I am entitled to bring them down. After all, they are violating my air space and I can plead international usage, if nothing else, as a pretext for opening instant fire. My charitableness can be stretched too far.

These problems are only trivial. A more serious difficulty arises when two of my neighbour's heifers stray through the boundary hedge and are served by my bull. My neighbour angrily

demands damages, but as the *Farmer and Stockbreeder* points out, he cannot succeed unless he can prove that I had a special duty to maintain the hedge; and he will have to burrow through a mountain of deeds to establish that. Why he should want damages when he is getting two calves at my expense is something which I, as a layman, cannot understand. Surely he is not claiming for the lost character of his heifers, which went out of their way to seduce my bull? On moral grounds I have a better claim against him. And if he can demand ducklings hatched on my land I shall demand calves born on his.

But there is a more disturbing aspect to this question. A correspondent of the same journal says that a policeman threatened to charge him with indecency because he had a stallion running with mares in a field near a housing estate. The legal expert did not think the policeman had much of a case, but there is obviously an element of doubt. Suppose a policeman had been hanging about when those heifers were flirting with my bull? Will the highest legal authority please say which of us—my neighbour or myself—would be chargeable with corrupting morals?

Alternatively, may we have an assurance that farming is not indecent?

E. S. TURNER

☆

"Mr. De Wet Nel says that he has not banned the African church services in Forest Town; he has merely refused permission for them to be held."

Rand Daily Mail

Oh, in that case . . .

FOR
WOMEN



How to Write Fashion Copy

THIS, one understands, is a very serious business, every caption composed with blood and tears. In magazines of which the *raison d'être* is to display the shiniest, most splendid and, at their best, the most inventive and arresting photographs of new-fangled, beautiful clothes, the fashion-photographers are fêted, rich, and much sought-after; the fashion-writers, on the other hand, are not so much sought-after as hunted, we have heard. All-conquering columnists of newspapers and the shy backroom creatures of glossy magazines are equal in this—they must strive and strain to write words fit to print opposite the wonderful photographs or the sketches of unearthly elegance contributed by French artists. They must strive and strain also to keep one step ahead—not of a fit, as one irreverent practitioner of the craft used to say, but of the copycats close on their heels. No sooner have they thought of a stunning new adjective for a handbag, or an eye-stopping simile for a straight-up-and-down dress, than they will see it cropping up all over the place and the word goes out of currency for them.

The real inventors of this sort of thing are, admittedly, the Americans: fashion is conceived in Paris but fashions in fashion-writing are set in New York. At one time very fancy and flowery ("Voluminous velvet makes this enchanting period piece, its romance crowned by the nostalgic prettiness of hothouse blooms in a cascade of misty lace") it afterwards became cryptic, almost Tacitean, a kind of highfalutin, esoteric cablese which really gave the readers—assuming that when they had looked at the pictures they *did* read—

something to put their minds to. ("Elemental changes: fashion constant, the black chrysalis of a satin sheath...")

This style is not dead yet, but there is a newer, more concentrated pattern, compressed into a couple of lines, with a lot of punch, not much punctuation, and no verbs. It goes something like this:

*Instead of a froth of petticoats,
leopards sleek as eels
Instead of milk-and-watery pearls,
a razzle-dazzle rhinestone tiara*

Words they work hard in this new, up-beat school of writing are *splashy, sloshy, smashing, dazzlers, fakes, man-traps*; the evident ambition of any one of their audience is to be a bobby-dazzler in a shock-bright coat tipped to stop the traffic—an aim based on an out-of-this-world assumption that the jammed traffic will not have had a stop long before it could come face to face with the smashing, violent-violet mock-monkey-fur coat that's the most fabulous fake of this winter.

The more conservative school might write about remote *élégantes* (the Imogen Quests of 1959) whose dress reveals an isolating perfectionism, a taste audaciously eclectic, a pretty wit... The writers themselves may reveal a mild gleam of wit, and they are not always above a discreet pun in the title. ("Room at the Top," for a dress built to create an illusion of *du monde au balcon*, is not quite in the right spirit, but it gives the idea.) Yet, although fashion is pronounced to be fun, it is never allowed to be funny. It is not, however, a bad thing for these girls to drop an occasional hint that they can read as well as write. "Monsieur

Tarleton goes Swann's way," one of them may say, "among the parma violets and feather boas of the Proustian era." But there is not really a great deal of difference between one school and the other.

Each relies on exaggeration: fashion is just as high as your heel; plunge deep into a deep, deep hat—or, put your head in a black velvet bag. This exhortatory form once led to a nightclub song which suggested, among other things, "Why don't you invest in a pair of gold sandals and wear them back to front, just for the sheer agony of it?"

Clothes are designed to enhance the human form as well as to cover it, and towards this raw material of fashion the writers display the clinical detachment of doctors. Considering "what the velvet bodice can do for the body," they ordain "the bosom must rise high and modest"; or "take a firm hand with your hips"; and "with all these skinny little skirts falling flat at the back, the human *derrière* must be flat, too."



Skinny is a very favourite word; *lean*, *bare* and *pared-down* are well liked.

The striving after adjectives is at its most strained when it comes to colours. Pinks, for instance, may be ripe, sweet, brash (once upon a time they were shocking), sugary or torrid—pale pink or bright pink just will not do; and to describe even a glove baldly as brown is unthinkable. A fabric-makers' spring-time fancy for, perhaps, green and tan may not have guttered out by the autumn. How are these simple shades to be described? Almond, lichen, ilex, even artichokes are old hat, and there has been a glut of spinach. Perhaps verdigris and aspidistra will be the smart new colours; and wholesome tan may turn into old-iron rust and *terre cuite*. But what about the next time round—would it be wormwood and scorched earth then?

From *croquis* to caption-writing, fashion is a major industry and a labour of love. Next time you look at a girl in her bare, beautiful, lean, pared-down, skinny, terrific little dress, remember that.

VERE BROOK



"... and her dog's wearing last year's coat."

Thinks "Thanks . . ."

MOOODY, nervy, depressed—me? No wonder, darling, when I had your sister popping in first thing with a bottle of fizzy tonic wine to help me over my tiredness peak, followed closely by mother, in a ghastly felt turban, all ready to tip me the wink about the funny

smell under the sink. I'd no sooner got rid of her with a drink of the king of all coffees, tastes like real, and started on the washing, when in burst that odious woman from next door, waving a packet of Phtt! which she swore halved one's work and made wash-day posh-day.

Then at lunch Jimmy was frightfully put out because I refused to have the entire school rugger team to tea. He said I never used to be like that and slammed out of the door muttering about deeper sleep. It only needed Alice to tell me something that only a child will tell me, and why couldn't we have pink blotting paper like Jane's Mummy?

Next came Nora, my best friend, who settled in to explain why I was such a frost at the dance last night, becoming quite personal at the end. It turned out she was talking about those rough red hands you used to think so soft and white, and she left me a tube of something called Glah-maw. I put it on the window-sill with Phtt! and all the other offerings, and was dishing out the cat's dinner when she opened her mouth, if

you please, and said she'd rather have Puzzi-Kats. All the best pet stores kept them, she added helpfully.

And now you have to come home with forked lightning darting through your hat and rolling, tortured eyes. Fortunately for you, darling, I happen to know just the thing . . .

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

☆

Notice to Modistes

I AM fussy which duchess I resemble, And I don't want to dress like Lady G. She may be younger, and *chic*-er, And slimmer, and slicker, But I still want to look like ME.

I execrate your tube of mustard jersey, You can put away the *dernier-est cri*; A *bas* the "latest models"— Can't I get it through your noddles That I only want to look like ME?

—Me at my smartest, I admit it. Not the rather tatty me that you can see, But—well, younger, and sleeker, With a *chic* that is obliquer— But I do want to look like ME!

KATHARINE DOWLING



Henry and Lulu—4

Westminster Calling

By MONICA FURLONG

"I'VE looked at this every way," said Henry. "And the only answer's big game hunting."

"Well, darling, if that's the way you feel . . . I shall be sorry to see you go of course, but what can one do?"

"Are you absolutely sure, Lulu, that there's no other way?"

"But of course there is. You could stick around. I love having you. It's just that I don't want *only* you. Some of the others are so sweet you can't think."

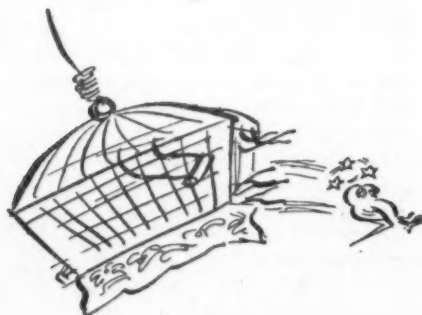
"I can imagine," said Henry, square-jawed.

"Oh, but that's just what you can't do. Tell me though, what is the modern equivalent of big game hunting? You're much too civilized to cosh tigers."

"You will laugh," said Henry, "but I have been asked to stand as the Liberal candidate at the Fenston by-election."

"Did I say civilized?" and Lulu spread her hands, appalled. "The House of Commons, my God!"

"Oh, I shan't get in. It's been a safe Labour seat for years. I'm just being put on as a curtain-raiser for what the Liberals will do at the General Election."



Lang

"Very brave little-boy-in-the-dyke stuff. Though why he didn't just put the fox down and let it run away I can't imagine. But ought you to take such risks? You might get in—you're clever enough for anything—and then in no time you'd dwindle into an M.P. Sniggering at the places where it says 'Laughter' in *Hansard* and snarling like a baby on 'Any Questions?'"

"Lulu, that's no way to speak of the elected government of this country."

"Stuff! It's one's duty. The price of liberty is infernal insolence."

"Well, anyhow, I intend to go through with it," said Henry stubbornly.

"Darling, you shall then. I'm just being horrid. I can't exactly wish you every success, because I'm sure you'd detest politics—but I do hope you'll be most awfully happy. You deserve it, if anyone does."

"I don't think I can be awfully happy without you, Lulu. Only fairly happy."

"The dreadful thing," said Lulu, "is that what is right for you seems to be wrong for me. Sometimes I suspect that the universe is run by a huge and inefficient bureaucracy."

"But why is it wrong for you?"

"I suppose because I am frivolous. Men have simple ideas. If they don't want something illicit, then they want a double bed and masses of children. Genuine these-are-my-jewels stuff. I would rather shop at Cartier than Queen Charlotte's, that's all."

"Darling Lulu."

"Yes, but extravagant, foolish, unnatural Lulu. A quite impossible Lulu for your income, Henry." She had almost capsized in a squall of gloom.

"But if it's just money," said Henry, relieved, "I might be able to find a way out. I have an old tycoon of an uncle who's been trying to inveigle me into his employment for years with all sorts of extravagant promises. As I'm not ambitious at all and always detested my uncle it never seemed worth going into business with him. But I gladly will in such a good cause as you, Lulu."

"Henry, would you—could you . . .?" Her face lit up with delight.

"Goodness, all this time I've been thinking that it was something personal about me you didn't like. And to think it was only money. Lulu, you're crazy."

"But what about the Liberal seat? Suppose you win that. You'd have to go through with it and live on peanuts until you could decently apply for the Chiltern Hundreds."

"I tell you, Lulu, there isn't a chance of winning, though of course I shall put up a terrific campaign. I see now that it would be the end with you if I did. It's quite impossible to imagine you wildly applauding at Torquay or doing Trojan work in the constituency. But once in I should never want to get out."

"There's some rather nice country clothes about now, of course, but when I look at other M.P.s' wives it doesn't seem to be me, somehow."

"So when it's over I'll come straight back and beard Uncle in his den. He'll be delighted. He hasn't any sons and loathes the idea of letting his empire go to pot outside the dynasty."

"Off you go then, honey. And the worst possible luck."

Henry spent the next few weeks mostly on his feet and could have written a thesis on the acoustics of Fenston's public halls, the front gates of its inhabitants (see footnotes on cunning locking-devices) and the structure of its garden paths. He found that the voters he liked best were not those whose political fancies coincided with his but those who had the shortest garden paths. He very properly kissed no babies—mothers are so hygiene-conscious these days that such an act would disqualify a candidate at once—but he prostituted his rather solemn kind of charm energetically. Projecting his personality, he discovered, was guilty fun, like reading naughty books when he was a schoolboy. For the first time for months he scarcely had time to think of Lulu—she remained a warm underground current lapping round the roots of his mind. Canvassing and going to meetings, drinking tea with loyal ladies in the agent's office, plotting and planning and keeping a fascinated eye on his rivals, he felt that no one had ever talked so much or so loosely in the world before. He floated along, buoyed by theory, contemplating no existence

beyond polling day. If the world came to an end then he would die cheery and fulfilled, glad in the knowledge of having done his best.

Lulu sent him a series of postcards, each with a sentence or two on it in a huge sprawling hand, and in his few leisure moments he got them out and tried to decode them. As far as he could gather they were protests of affection.

Polling day came. It was a wet day after several weeks of fine weather and Henry's spirits began to sink with the barometer. For the first time there was nothing to do, and in the compulsive mood of extreme fatigue this was a mild torture. What was worse, an appalling possibility had dawned on him for the first time. He had begun to think of it the night before.

"You've fought this campaign like a tiger," his agent had said to him. "I'd never have thought you had it in you. A few more young men like you and our troubles would be over."

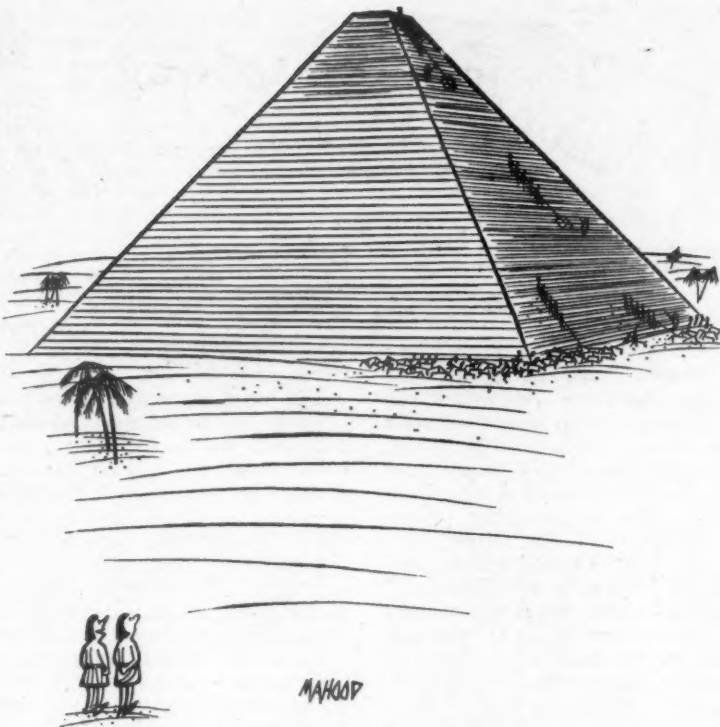
"I'm afraid it was rather wasted in this particular election," Henry had said.

"Wasted? I don't think so. Just you wait till you hear the result." Henry had stared at him panic-stricken, thinking of all he had to lose by being a successful candidate.

The day after Fenston went to the polls Henry took the train back to London in a state of complete exhaustion. For the first couple of hours he slept, but as the train drew near to Waterloo he woke from a panic dream and began to arrange his sad thoughts. If only he had realized that money meant so much to Lulu before he embarked on this unlucky enterprise. He averted his gaze from the window as his taxi turned on to Westminster Bridge, terrified that across the water he might see the face of Big Ben leering at his ridiculous grief. His flat was chill and hideous, its door-mat already littered with congratulations. There was, as he had expected, nothing from Lulu. After a couple of hours, alcohol seemed a good idea provided it was under another roof, and he went to find some.

When he got home it was nearly midnight and he answered the telephone with detachment.

"Hullo," he said, but nobody answered. Only a kind of orgy noise went on in the mouth-piece, a jumble of laughs and yells and jabber spilling



"Personally I wouldn't be seen dead in it."

into his room from some other world. He listened for some time, deeply bewildered and occasionally injecting "Hullo" into the middle of the orgy.

Suddenly, with a giggle, Lulu's voice launched itself on the wire.

"Henry, where on earth are you?"

"Here," he said, after a moment's thought.

"Well, I know that or I couldn't have rung you. Henry, you are an old traitor. What's that thing about having the guts to betray your friend?"

"You've got it wrong. It's having the guts to . . ."

"But why aren't you *here*? That's the point."

"Here?"

"Fenston. All the Liberals are having the feast of the century—they've had no fun for years, poor lambs—and the bride's gone and walked out on them. I do think you were mean not stopping for their party."

"But what are *you* doing there?"

"Naturally as soon as I heard the result I was terribly proud of you. I flew down here to congratulate you. I've never felt so dashed. The Liberals and I got together in our frustration."

"Where are you now?"

"In a gothic basilica. Would it be the cathedral?"

"Then get out of it quickly. It's blasphemous to telephone from cathedrals."

"Just a tick then. I'm with someone called Frank, who said he was your agent. Gingery and not as nice-looking as you. His eyebrows meet over his nose." There was a break in the conversation while she and Frank expostulated about his eyebrows, and then she went on: "I told him I was your fiancée. It seemed the best way. The Liberals here are in a very cocky mood."

"Oh, Lulu, that was nice of you. But I thought you were finished with me if I didn't turn to Uncle Edward. I thought you despised M.P.s?"

"Well, it depends, doesn't it? I mean, no one could despise Gladstone, for instance. Or Peel. Or . . ." There was a moment's pause. "Frank says he was the wrong side, but it shows all the same. Some of them are all right and necessary, I suppose . . . like dustmen."

"But Lulu, what about the money?"

"What money?"

"Remember? I haven't got enough money for you."

"Oh don't be so small-minded. If I'm not worrying, why should you?"



BOOKING OFFICE

Grain of Truth

IBSEN wrote in crowded cafés, Shaw scribbled away in shorthand on the train between Birmingham and King's Cross and Max Beerbohm wrote *Seven Men* in lemon-coloured gloves. Yet while Ibsen was vague and symbolical and Shaw was rhetorical and fantastic, Max was observant, precise and horribly prophetic. Shaw had a good eye for the revealing newspaper item, but his people are "humours," Italian caricatures, nearer to characters in Michael Innes's early detective stories than to characters in James or Turgenev. He was original chiefly in the illustrations he invented of other men's ideas, in devising a new sort of play, and above all in the ring of his dialogue. Max said things of the kind that nobody else was saying, except perhaps early psychologists in publications he was unlikely to have read. Literature written in trains seems to be less life-like, unexpected, predictive and alert than literature written in libraries or salons.

Twenty years ago we used to be told that the literature of the future would come from the factory floor. A number of single volumes by proletarian writers were lapped up by middle-class sympathizers anxious to appeal to the lower orders by knowing how to behave at high tea. The movement faded out. Writing is hard work, and as a man aged he found it took more effort after a long day. With age, too, comes decreased ability to concentrate in the middle of domesticity; the cost of quiet, as Orwell pointed out, may be very heavy, even hundreds of pounds a year for an extra room. Then there is the odd psychological fact that closeness to material not only blurs the image but makes for conventionality, while the dandy keeps life at a distance but within focus. He fights off with ruthless gaiety the pressures that make for dishonesty and conformity. He limits his range to what he can see in depth. With contemptuous, insolent courage he says what seems to him true rather than what he thinks will please or flatter.

If he does not already possess a private income sufficient to pay for whatever period of latent growth his work requires he fights for one with the dedicated fervour of Wagner or Marx or the characters in Murger.

The rise of Nazism, most unforeseen of trends, was sensed and expressed less profoundly by the realists than by the precious and the fantastic, the young men of *Lions and Shadows*. Dandyism, of course, is not confined to the *petit maître*. Picasso's *Guernica* was far more like the 'forties than any picture of mill chimneys. It came from a lower level of the mind, where the future comes from. During the war the dandyism of *Horizon* and Cyril Connolly annoyed some people by seeming to turn its back on what was going on in the way of blood, toil, tears and sweat, but in fact it reflected many facets of existing

experience and, much more important, looked ahead, saying by implication: This in ten years is what we shall wish to have preserved, this is what we shall wish had been discussed before the decisions had to be taken.

Since the war Mr. Tynan and Mr. Amis have been fighting battles that did not always seem to need fighting. *Lucky Jim*'s author has tried to persuade his more mythopæic admirers that it was intended to be a funny book; but the depth of the response to it has shown it is not a trivial one. As, Mr. Hollis pointed out not long ago in *The Times Literary Supplement*, the opposite of "funny" is "unfunny," not "trivial," which is the opposite of "serious." Although many people have felt that in its gay way it isolates and examines quite large areas of experience, it was not written by a Lucky Jim but by a very good don whose education was roughly the same as Asquith's, and who has explained that he wrote it only after a legacy had made some isolation possible. Mr. Amis, Beau Amis, spends his time among the delicate discriminations of literary criticism and the even more delicate discriminations of jazz criticism. The beer and dance-hall stuff of his newspaper appearances is a well-held pose that corresponds to Max's passion for music-halls. His second novel is about goodness, of all subjects, but a typical choice for a dandy, who coldly rebuffs pressures that would have him write about evil like everyone else. (I cannot force his baffling variation on Fielding's *Voyage to Lisbon* into my thesis.)

The dandy is a mirror image of the sloven, if you believe in the kind of psychology that pairs off all qualities into polar opposites. The beat generation of California and the beating-up generation of the Elephant and Castle can be understood and perhaps led by the coldly uncommitted rather than by the enthusiast, and by the artist rather than by the statistician. There was a sympathy between the dandies of French romanticism and criminals and executioners which was gloriously unhealthy and productive—a field our contemporary dandies have not yet tilled. When the first world war ended

NOVEL FACES—LI



ANTHONY POWELL

Another dozen volumes? Oh, how splendid!
And Powell's record of time's music's ended.

Max was not writing about Peace Terms or Strategy. He put on lemon-coloured gloves and mocked the illusions and obsessions, the failures and liars and minor artists and men who took danger as a drug and who were going to produce the next.
R. G. G. PRICE

BLOOD COUNT

Singing in the Shrouds. Ngaio Marsh. *Collins*, 12/6. A wonderfully workmanlike job, fulfilling without effort all the conventions of the formal detective story, except for an unsurprising ending. One of the nine passengers on a cargo boat is thought to be a sex murderer, due to do his stuff every ten days. Coincidence offers him rather too many of the victims he prefers. Alleyn is aboard, incog. Characters round and true, except for being a bit too different from each other to be likely. A really civilized read.

A Gentleman Called. Dorothy Salisbury Davis. *Secker and Warburg*, 12/6. Almost too civilized. More mass murder of females, by an elderly, over-charming New Yorker. Bung full of pleasant comment, not painfully worked in but bubbling naturally out of the story. Characters, as a result, a bit remote and unreal. Climax startlingly unconvincing.

A Louse for the Hangman. Leo Bruce. *Peter Davies*, 13/6. Another formal detective story, well in the Wimsey country down to the learned epigraph and the irritating Carolus Deene, who detects. Murder of secretary, apparently in mistake for his employer, in millionaire's mansion whose too-perfect taste and ludicrous opulence is very well charted. Easy to read but not enough suspects to cover a mechanical plot.

The Stone Roses. Sarah Gainham. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 13/6. Thriller set in Prague after the Communists took over but just before the iron curtain descended. British journalist sent to get Czech tank expert, British agent, out of the country; exploits Russo-Czech jealousy to squeeze him out like a pip, but falls foul of splendid secret police-woman. (How old is she, though, for heaven's sake?) Very exciting and well above the possibility line.

The Soft-footed Moor. Kenneth Royce. *Arthur Barker*, 13/6. Another thriller, but only just clutching at possibility. Drummond-type hero slaughters, single-handed, large criminal organization in Tangier after mystifying goings on. Splendidly typical love interest, but enough excitement to keep an addict reading.
P. D.

NEW SHORT STORIES

The Go-Away Bird. Muriel Spark. *Macmillan*, 13/6

Some reviewers have been puzzled by the lack of obvious intention in Miss Spark's short stories. They want to fit her into a pattern and she won't be fitted. Of course, if all her work is filled

with allegories which nobody sees she can be justly criticized for failure to communicate; but if her line is to be baffling, I do not see why she should not be allowed to pursue it.

These are some of the most variously enjoyable tales I have read for a long time. Grotesque, funny, horrifying, filled with invention, especially of situation, they are not like other people's short stories. They have less sameness, are meatier, and seem individual in tone although without any very clear individuality in common. Miss Spark returns to the older tradition in which the writer of fiction is ectoplasmic, taking different shapes each time the audience is addressed. Like Joyce Cary she impersonates. Like Isak Dinesen she ranges. Hardly one of this collection is a dud.

A Thirsty Evil. Gore Vidal. *Heinemann*, 12/6

These thin, accomplished little stories are varied and readable but not really very impressive. Essentially they are early-twentieth-century pretty fancies. One almost expects the man who meets his dead self carrying branches of laurel, the dwarf who is taken for a child actor, and the guest who hears the Fates discussing him as he naps after luncheon to be joined by Pierrot and a German governess.

However, sex, and particularly homosexuality, have been added to the properties. Who would have thought in more prudish times that breaking the taboos would make the unmentionable dull? The grim, rabbinical side of Freud dealt a deadly blow to the pleasures of reading. The pictures of homosexuals suffer from lack of individualization; there is no more need for homosexuals to be alike than for TB patients or forgers. Mr. Vidal is a novelist and in short stories he tends to take an episode and fine it down, whereas the born short-story writer leaves one surprised to find one has not been reading something of near full length.
R. G. G. P.

Nicholas Crabbe: Or The One and the Many. Fr. Rolfe (Baron Corvo). *Chatto and Windus*, 21/-

Don Tarquinio: A Kataleptic Phantasmatic Romance. Fr. Rolfe (Baron Corvo). *Chatto and Windus*, 12/6

The sad truth is that Corvo was a bore who would probably have been long forgotten but for the posthumous Boswellizing of the late A. J. A. Symons. His talent was of the slenderest, though he achieved, in *Hadrian VII*, a notable (if rather breathless) *tour de force*. The rest of his crypto-autobiographical works suffer from poverty of imagination and a vitriolic malice which, by constant over-emphasis, defeats its own ends and becomes merely tedious. The last of these to be published, *Nicholas Crabbe*, lacks the element of fantasy to be found in its predecessors, and consists of a flat,



Eric Sargis

"Door!"

factual account, very thinly disguised, of his London years (round the turn of the century), and of his acrimonious dealings with his publishers, John Lane and Grant Richards. Other personalities who appear pseudonymously are Hubert Bland, E. Nesbit and Henry Harland. Never was a writer so eagerly and so generously befriended; and none, surely, contrived to bite so many of the hands which fed him.

Don Tarquinio, first published in 1905, purports to describe a day in the life of a Roman gentleman in the sixteenth century. It is a piece of Yellow Booksy Kitch which doesn't wear well, though Corvine addicts will welcome its reappearance.
J. B.

The Unspeakable Skipton. Pamela Hansford Johnson. *Macmillan*, 15/-

Though Daniel Skipton, Knight of the Most Noble Order of SS. Cyril and Methodius, does not challenge comparison with Gully Jimson, his paranoiac furies and indomitable pride are convincing enough; the scabrous stratagems to which he, as an impecunious minor genius, is put in order to make ends meet are set down with the requisite gusto and ghastly relish, while his dupes—the egregiously maternal poet-playwright with her court of corrupt sycophants—are comic inventions of a high order. Perhaps it was an error to describe the City of Bruges background in the language Skipton himself might have used, and the admitted Corvo parallel is a shade over-drawn: particularly in view of the recent republication of *Nicholas Crabbe* with its already detailed self-portrait; the invective employed in letters to relatives and business

associates strikes the correct grandiloquent note, but the purple parodies in the fragments we are given of Skipton's unpublished novel are a poor match for the original. On the other hand, his reactions to calamity are strikingly individual and always entertaining in a sadistic sort of way: when reading a letter refusing him money he feels "that he had fallen backwards down a flight of stairs."

J. M-R.

AT THE PLAY

Eighty in the Shade (GLOBE)
The Long and the Short and the Tall
(ROYAL COURT)

IN honour of Dame Sybil Thorndike's and Sir Lewis Casson's golden wedding Miss Clemence Dane has written *Eighty in the Shade*, and made its heroine an old actress mounting the same fire-power as Dame Sybil, who is on the stage nearly the whole evening. Unlike Dame Sybil, Dame Sophia has been unhappily married; but she has made up for that, one gathers, with a fairly gay life, and is now in retirement after a long illness which has left her under the thumb of an appallingly managing daughter, who loves to make others suffer for their own good. After

a great garden-party in celebration of her eightieth birthday, Dame Sophia is put to bed like a reluctant small girl; the betting seems heavily on her continuing for the rest of her life a victim of domestic tyranny.

But this is a romantic and very sentimental play, and so through the window comes her irresponsible son, back from a long absence in Sicily and crazy enough to kidnap this very tired old lady on the spot and fly her home to breakfast in his island farmhouse. Of course an absence of pills and fussing does her all the good in the world; and of course her terrible daughter soon follows. More nervous storms, during which she discovers—as she might have rather sooner—that the dragon was poisoned against her by her father and is frighteningly lonely. And so poor Dame Sophia renounces her little dream-house in Sicily and prepares to go back to what in sad optimism she believes will be a new home-life.

All this fails to make more than a very magazine play, but it gives Dame Sybil openings for her very personal kind of comedy, half parody and half delicious domestic realism. Her superb talent is not extended; but the fireworks are fun. I found the scenes with the daughter uncomfortably bitter in so flimsy a setting. Valerie Taylor plays her like a

jet of vitriol; plays her very well, but so that she seemed part of another story. Sir Lewis has a small part, firmly taken, as Dame Sophia's lifelong adorer, and Robert Flemyng puts life into the escapist son, but here the men are only pawns.

The Long and the Short and the Tall, which now takes its title from the Army ballad despondent about promotion, appeared on the fringe of last year's Edinburgh Festival as *The Disciplines of War*, and has been performed at Nottingham Playhouse as *Boys It's All Hell*. Unfortunately none of these labels suggests that what is in the bottle is a

REP SELECTION

Dundee Rep, *Something to Hide*, thriller, until January 24th.
Belgrade, Coventry, *See How They Run*, until January 24th.
Leatherhead Theatre, *Sailor Beware!*, until January 24th.
Civic Theatre, Chesterfield, *Verdict*, Agatha Christie, until January 17th.

serious brew. We might, particularly at Nottingham, have been in for yet another jolly romp with funny sergeants and an anthology of N.A.A.F.I. jokes, whereas Willis Hall, whose first play this is in London, is a careful dramatist interested in human character under pressure.

His play is set during the Singapore chaos of 1942 in a broken-down hut in the Malayan jungle where a British patrol has gone to ground. The battle position is obscure; an enemy breakthrough is unsuspected until a Jap walks in and is taken prisoner, and the failing radio begins to pick up Jap messages at close quarters. After that the patrol has only a dim hope of getting back, and in its desperate sortie every man but one is killed.

This sense of gathering doom gives the play a background excitement which the producer, Lindsay Anderson, tightens up with quiet, sure touches, but it is the behaviour of the men that matters and their shifting reactions. Only the decent sergeant and his insensitive corporal, at war with one another, are experienced soldiers; the rest are a gaggle green to discipline. The Jap prisoner, a frightened little jungle animal, acts as a catalyst, tapping depths of kindness and brutality and driving the men to hysterical bickering. In the later stages the sergeant, a benevolent autocrat sick of death and destruction, is tortured by the knowledge that he must lighten his load by killing him.

This is the kind of play in which so much depends on static conversation that the quality of the writing is vital. Its emotional spasms are handled with considerable skill and one soon acquires a pleasing confidence in Mr. Hall's sincerity



Dame Sophia Carrell—SYBIL THORNDIKE

[*Eighty in the Shade*
Kevin Carrell—ROBERT FLEMYNG

and knowledge of his characters. His men are extremely natural; only occasionally do they seem to go outside themselves in a burst of philosophy that in the circumstances rings false. The play could be cut a little, but that Mr. Hall is a dramatist of real promise I have no doubt.

The casting is an encouraging reminder of how rich we are in good young actors. Robert Shaw's sergeant, Peter O'Toole's trouble-shooter with a soft centre, and Ronald Fraser's oafish, innocent Scots lance-corporal are fine, and in spite of being condemned to silence Kenji Takaki's Jap, fumbling with domestic photographs, becomes strangely moving.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Still a few performances of *Ghosts* (Old Vic—19/11/58), with Flora Robson triumphant. *Two for the Seesaw* (Haymarket—24/12/58), history of a love-affair in duologue. *The Grass is Greener* (St. Martin's—10/12/58), admirable comedy.

ERIC KEOWN



[The Captain's Table

Annette—ROSALIE ASHLEY

Mrs. Porteous—NADIA GRAY

Captain Ebbs—JOHN GREGSON

Mrs. Judd—PEGGY CUMMINS

AT THE PICTURES

The Captain's Table *Old Man Motor-car*

IN its line, *The Captain's Table* (Director: Jack Lee) is quite outstanding: head and shoulders above the average reasonably amusing, reasonably successful popular British comedy. For the first time in years I found myself laughing, but really *laughing*, as much at a British comedy as I have often (once or twice even in the past year or so) laughed at an American one. It's been so long... I'd honestly forgotten we could do this sort of thing so well.

The reason? Good direction, intelligent and ingenious script-writing (John Whiting, Bryan Forbes and Nicholas Phipps from Richard Gordon's novel), and willingness to take trouble, to include an extra detail or hint for the sake of the people who will get pleasure from it, rather than leave it out because a great many of the audience won't notice it at all. This process is a spiral, up or down. Leave out something good because you think few will notice it, and you get audiences progressively more full of people who don't notice half even of the good things you have put in. Aim higher, include what pleases you even if you think few will notice it—and always there turn out to be more who notice it than you had expected, and their numbers grow. The plain fact is that enthusiasm is aroused only by positive reasons, the presence of approved qualities; never by the mere absence of disapproved ones. And enthusiasm is what makes a success.

This is, as I have suggested, a comparatively trivial popular comedy, with no depth or "importance," designed as no more than momentary entertainment,

but because it is so well done it is a stimulating pleasure to see. Looking at the advertisements, you may find this hard to believe; they do their best to give the impression that the whole affair is a crude, raucous Jolly-Jack-Tar-among-the-girls show. Leave the boneheads in the audience to take it on this level. In fact, it offers a great deal that's too good for them.

It shows us the first voyage as captain of a luxury-cruise liner of a man (John Gregson) whose twenty-two years at sea have been spent in cargo ships. Such as it is, the plot is concerned mainly with the fact that as he is not married he is pursued by the unattached women on board, and there is a sub-plot about his interruption of the crew's hitherto flourishing racket of flogging the ship's stores. But most of the entertainment comes from his difficulties with the passengers, his slow adjustment to the idea that his duties are now more those of an hotel-manager than a sea-captain. There are several splendidly amusing subsidiary characters, notably Reginald Beckwith's motherly, twitting personal steward and Maurice Denham's pompous know-all retired major (*tarragon* vinegar, please, when he mixes his salad-dressing), and the direction of such scenes as the crescendo argument about nothing at the dinner-table makes them very funny. Slapstick is there, but intelligently used, prepared and built up in a way that immensely strengthens the laugh (e.g. the cake-fight at the children's party). Yes, in its field this is a winner.

The Everyman at Hampstead is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary

by showing some new films, the first of which is the Czech *Old Man Motor-car* (Director: Alfred Radok). This is a kindly, sometimes naïve reconstruction of some episodes in the very early days of motoring. It begins with about twenty minutes of actual photographs of oddities of the period (round about 1905), which—particularly as speeded up by the modern projector—are often remarkably funny. Then it proceeds to tell a simple little story with actors playing the parts of two of the Bohemian pioneers, how they took part in the road races that were held in France and how the young mechanic loved and married the daughter of a French mechanic. Raymond Bussières as the French father comes best out of this, but as a whole it's an entertaining curiosity—and not only for people fascinated by the history of cars.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

We were also shown *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad*, an elaborate mixture of "Oriental" hokum, science fiction, horror, violence and cheesecake, made with the use of a process called "Dynamation," which seems to be simply a dramatic name for the laborious ("five years in the making") combining, in the same shot, of animation with straight live-action photography. *The Last Hurrah* (7/1/59), *The Reluctant Debutante* (31/12/58) and *Houseboat* (7/1/59) continue, but the most satisfyingly enjoyable films are still the two in different moods by Ingmar Bergman, *Wild Strawberries* (5/11/58) and *Summer with Monika* (24/12/58).

Among the releases is a very good

Western, *Man of the West* (10/12/58). There is also an admirably crisp little British pursuit story, *Norwhere to Go* (17/12/58), of which most people have probably never heard; I'll simply observe that I enjoyed it ten times as much as that one everybody has heard of, *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness* (3/12/58).

RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE GALLERY

The Russian Paintings and Miss Evie Hone

THOSE who think to find the pictorial equivalent of *Dr. Zhivago* in the Russian Painting Exhibition at Burlington House will be more than disappointed. Some may seek to explain the dull quality of the modern paintings—as opposed to the icons (16 in number) and a few eighteenth-century works—by the terms of reference: “according to our view the only genuine modern forms are those which somehow or other reveal the profound meaning of new life and the joy and suffering of the people.” But such reasoning will not hold; for if this had been a Western exhibition surely the terms are wide enough—or vague enough—to have included Morland, Rowlandson, Corot, Millet, Daumier, Van Gogh, Epstein, and a score of others.

The fact is that Russia, gifted with writers, musicians and dancers, is not a nation of painters—for what climatic or other reasons I know not. What we find in this exhibition is a certain amount of skilful representation in styles ranging from Daubigny to Sargent and his offshoots, but without personal vision or decorative sense or even any particularly national characteristic, and therefore commonplace, either commonplace cheerful as in No. 103 “Collective Farming,” or commonplace ghastly as in the canvas of Hitler in the bunker.

Having lately seen Augustus John's portrait of Bernard Shaw—at the Fitzwilliam, Cambridge—I have come to the conclusion that he alone among moderns has been able, from time to time, to invest the sitter with nobility, and I must regret that fate never brought him face to face with Tolstoi or Dostoevsky, both of whom are to be seen on these walls.

* * * * *
Miss Evie Hone had just that little touch of magic which proclaims the real artist, and which, if it rings my particular bell surely enough, disarms me as to the category of work produced—abstract, representational, high or low life. Miss Hone (1894–1955), born in Ireland from an artistic line, trained herself after the first world war in art schools in London and Paris. She worked in a number of styles and mediums until, with Rouault as a guiding influence, she found herself most completely as a designer and maker of stained glass. The present exhibition comprehends all her phases and consists



(Hancock's Half-hour)
SIDNEY JAMES TONY HANCOCK
MARIO FABRIZI

of ninety exhibits—including some skilfully presented stained glass—in all of which her admirable and tender sense of colour is apparent. She lived to fulfil several important commissions; the East Window at Eton College being one.

Russian Painting: Royal Academy of Fine Arts, closes March 1st.

Evie Hone: Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1, closes February 15th.

ADRIAN DAINTREY

ON THE AIR

Funny Men

TONY HANCOCK continues to be one of the few first-rate television comedians, partly because the comic framework he has evolved and the character he has invented to fill it were conceived as television material. He has been, in a manner of speaking, brought up in the business. His “Hancock's Half-hour” (BBC) takes into account the fact that end-of-the-pier routines are not really suitable for the little screen in this day and age. Arthur Askey can get away with them and leave us wanting more, but he is a phenomenon. Ted Ray kept bashing away at them with the most doleful results: he became popular, but he was funnier with a fiddle at the Liverpool Empire in the 'thirties. Jimmie Wheeler tried to give them up and become a kind of compère-comedian, but that made him a pale shadow of the man who had them rolling in the aisles at Finsbury Park. Max Miller has very wisely never tried to adapt himself for

the medium, and retains his reputation as the last of the music-hall geniuses. The sad fact seems to be that our little screen is no place for those wonderful comics who could reach the back of the gallery with a wink, and bring a round of applause with a gesture. Nobody is sorrier than I am about this, for no TV comic has ever made me laugh as much as Harry Tate, Will Hay, Maxie, Wheeler, Billy Russell, and all that glad company who carried on the tradition of English twice-nightly humour. One of the saddest things I remember is seeing the Crazy Gang, with other visiting comics, trying to be spontaneously funny in a pitiful TV show called (I believe) “Make Me Laugh.” That seemed to me to be the last nail in the coffin of music-hall. (The penultimate nail had come when *The Stage*, with its back against the wall, began to devote at least one page each week to television news.)

It seems paradoxical that this new medium—a mass medium if ever there was one—should have thrown up and sustained several comics whose material contains elements of satire or fantasy, neither of which has ever been popular in this country. Benny Hill, Michael Bentine, Peter Sellers and Tony Hancock make few concessions to their audience, yet I believe they are established as favourites. I could be wrong of course. Ben Lyon, Bruce Forsyth, or even Ted Lue may have much bigger reputations than any member of the above-mentioned quartet. All the same, I continue to be heartened.

Having said that, I must admit that Hancock's new series of half-hours has shown occasional signs of slapdash workmanship. There was a tale about a granddad in Australia, for instance, which just wasn't good enough, by Hancock standards. Still, even that contained some blissful moments, and I have enough faith in the team to overlook it as a temporary lapse. I would like to suggest, though, that Hancock does not need an elaborate plot. When his characterization is swamped by the intricacies of a complicated story, much of the pleasure is dissipated.

“Boyd Q.C.” has reappeared (A-R), and the first item of the new series was the dreariest half-hour I have spent in front of the flicker-box since “Australian Walkabout” limped across the screen. As for Boyd himself, he is developing a patina of oh-so-charming smugness. *The Big Knife* (A-R) on the same evening, directed by John Moxey with such mastery that I almost forgot it had been written for the stage, was the most skilfully cast play I can remember seeing on TV. Derek Hart seemed just a shade impertinent in his interview with Sir Ralph Richardson on “To-night,” but filled the Michelmores gap with his customary impish aplomb. And my worst fears about “Quatermass and the Pit” are being realized: it is science fiction gone flat. HENRY TURTON

PUNCH, January 14 1959

Sporting Prints

VII CLIFF MORGAN



H. G. Wilson -

How Fair Are Thy Grammalogues

By E. S. TURNER

AT one time or another I have seen my fellow men absorbed in some fairly specialized reading matter, as for example a manual on ventriloquism and a pulp magazine called *Suicide Stories*, but so far I have seen no one reading the Bible in shorthand.

I have always known such Bibles existed because I used to gaze fascinatedly at one as a child, admiring the flexibility of a system which could take phrases like "And Aholibamah bare Jeush and Jaalam . . ." in its stride. Even to-day there is a shorthand version of the New Testament on sale.

I have also taken the trouble to discover that Sir Isaac Pitman produced a "rhythmic version" of the Song of Solomon six years before he tackled the New Testament. Later he published shorthand versions of *Paradise Lost*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, the poems of Cowper, and other fortifying works.

I find it harder to picture the type of Victorian citizen for whom Sir Isaac was catering than to visualize, say, the type of citizen who bred and suffocated babies for the insurance money. Only a negligible number of female shorthand writers, I imagine, existed in the eighteen-seventies. Were there in fact male clerks, in celluloid cuffs and high collars, who returned to their gaslit lodgings every evening to wrestle with devotional ideographs, thus

simultaneously gaining spiritual solace and professional expertise?

And when, in the fullness of time, a clerk became a father of six, did he occasionally yield to the temptation at family prayers of reading the lesson from the shorthand version, partly to keep his hand in and partly to impress his offspring with his virtuosity?

I can (just) picture somebody like Mr. Pooter attempting a feat of this kind, and of course becoming trapped in a treacherous sequence of "begats." Come to think of it, it is easier to picture Mr. Footer doing this than, say, reading the shorthand version of *Paradise Lost* to his wife in a punt.

In the goddess present I suspect (though I hope I am wrong) that the shorthand Bible sells fewer copies than, say, the shorthand edition of *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* or of *Selected Extracts from Favourite Authors*, among them J. B. Priestley, A. J. Cronin, P. G. Wodehouse and A. P. Herbert. (How satisfying it must be at a literary party, when fellow authors are boasting about being published in Braille, or about selling fourth serial rights in Ghana, to mention casually that one has just sold first British shorthand rights.)

But to return to the shorthand Bible and its potential readership to-day. The main categories of shorthand writers are: spike-heeled minxes in rustling

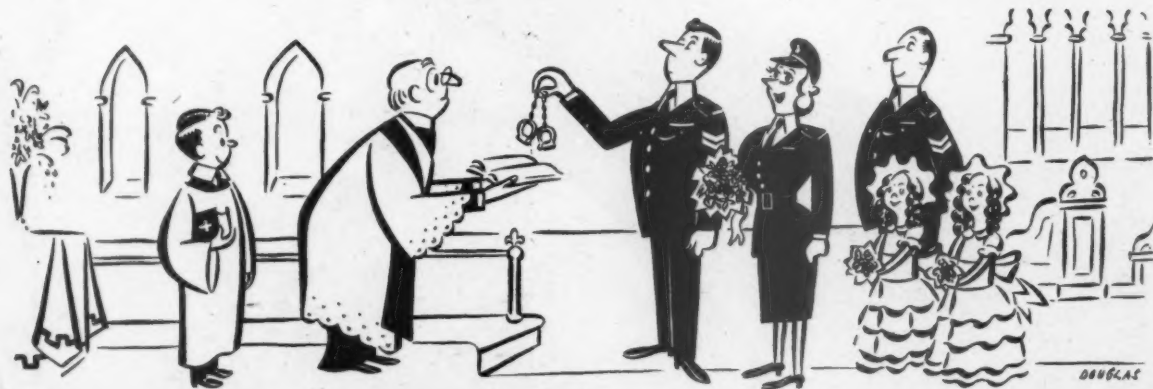
skirts, serving private enterprise; part-time married women (i.e. married women working part-time) in the Civil Service; the shorthand staffs of the law courts; and the reporters of *Hansard*. There used to be shorthand writers on the reporting staffs of newspapers but they are now so few and so little regarded as hardly to be worth listing.

It was while I was trying, vainly, to picture any of the forementioned categories brushing up on Biblical grammalogues that an unworthy suspicion occurred to me. Perhaps the shorthand Bible is not intended to be read at all but merely as a pupil's prize.

I have a feeling that we have not heard the end of the shorthand Bible. Miss Emily D. Smith has achieved the somewhat alarming feat of paraphrasing *Treasure Island* in a "simple vocabulary" of eight hundred words and then transcribing it into shorthand. Already the Bible has been reduced to Basic English, so the Authorized Shorthand Basic Version cannot be far off.

There is another possibility. Why not a shorthand Bible in a foreign language? How much greater the triumph of mastering the Song of Solomon through a double barrier, one of language and one of hieroglyphics!

Just for a start let us have a Bible in Afrikaans Snelskrif Pitmanstelsel, or even in Gearr-Scriobhadh Na Gaedhilge.



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